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INDIAN FOLK TALES

(*Frontispiece*)

"Go yourself," said the fox.

(See page 149)

INDIAN FOLK TALES

BY

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

AUTHOR OF

"WITH A PESSIMIST IN SPAIN," "OUR LITTLE SPANISH COUSIN," "OUR LITTLE BRAZILIAN COUSIN," "OUR LITTLE ALASKAN COUSIN," "JAPANESE FOLK STORIES AND FAIRY TALES," "THE SPANIARD AT HOME"

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INDIAN FOLK TALES

THE SLAYER OF THE SPOTTED CALF

THERE was once an old woman who was very poor. All her children were dead and she had but one grandchild, a young boy. These two dwelt apart from the rest of the tribe, and, as they had almost nothing of their own, they lived upon the scraps and leavings of others. Sometimes mocking tongues would jibe at them, saying:

"Here are those whose moccasins and robes are the rags which we have thrown away."

At these words the eyes of Katit, the boy, would flash with rage, but his grandmother would droop her head in silence.

One day the tribe moved to another and a better place where there was much game, and Katit and his grandmother followed the trail far in the rear.

"What is that?" asked the old woman, pointing to something which was lying among the bushes on one side of the trail.

"I will see," said Katit, and he went to it. It was an old brown horse, blind in one eye, with a sore back and a swollen knee; and it looked pitifully at Katit. The boy's heart was warm, and he felt sorry for the beast.

"Your master has left you because you are poor," he said; "but I know that to be poor and have no friends is hard. Come with me and I will be your friend." Then the horse got up and put its nose in Katit's hand and laid its head upon his shoulder. And Katit gave it a wisp of grass to eat, and the horse ate gratefully. Then Katit patted the horse gently and it whinnied; and when the boy strode on after the trail the brown horse followed close behind him. When Katit reached the camp where the tribe had stopped, he found a great stir among the warriors and young men.

"What is it?" he asked of a young chief who had always been good-natured to him.

"Buffaloes," he answered. "A herd of buffaloes and a spotted calf. Bear Chief has said that whoever kills the spotted calf[1] may have his daughter to wife."

The boy saw that all the young men were catch-

[1] The robe made from the skin of a spotted calf is a great rarity and is regarded as "big medicine."

(11) "The brown horse followed him."

ing their fastest ponies and making ready to attack the buffalo herd, which was now three or four miles away. He wanted to see the hunt, and so he mounted his old horse and rode along with the rest. But how the braves laughed!

"See Katit and his fine horse!" they shouted, pointing at him. "He will certainly win Bear Chief's daughter! That horse will surely overtake the spotted calf!"

Katit turned aside, and hot tears gushed from his eyes and scorched his cheeks until they felt like burning coals. But he would not let any one see. He turned aside with his horse and rode down to the river bank while all the rest galloped away in pursuit of the herd. He dismounted from his horse and threw himself on the ground; he hid his face in his hands and wept. Then he heard a voice.

"Plaster me over with mud!" it said. It was a strange voice and it spoke strange words. Katit looked up. He gazed all around him, but could see no human being. The horse was standing with drooping head by the river side.

"Plaster me over with mud!" the voice repeated impatiently. Katit sprang up and looked again. On both sides of the stream, into the thicket, up to the blue sky, he looked; but saw no one.

"Tirawa mocks me, or else a spirit speaks," he said sadly.

Then the voice came again.

"To find a thing, look where it is!" And this time Katit saw that it was the horse talking. He stood amazed, and stared at the Talking Horse, unable to believe his senses.

"Obey me," said the horse. "Take mud and plaster me with it."

Katit, tremblingly and with haste, did as he was told. Then he mounted the horse.

"Watch when the charge upon the buffaloes begins," said the horse. "Have your arrows ready and I will carry you to the herd."

Katit sat still and upright upon the horse. Far off he could see the braves upon their fine ponies all drawn up in line, and a splendid sight they were as they waited for the word to start.

Then the Chief cried suddenly, "Loo-ah!" and every brave leaned far over his pony's neck and yelled. The beasts fairly flew as they sped over the prairie in pursuit of the game.

The brown horse heard, too. His feet seemed not to touch the ground, and Katit felt as though a bird were skimming through the air and carrying him on its back. Before he had time to think

he found himself far ahead of all the others, and a moment later he saw the spotted calf directly before him.

"Urarish!" How swiftly his arrow sped! The spotted calf leaped upward, pierced to the heart. It fell to the ground dead.

Quickly Katit sprang from the Talking Horse, and, drawing his knife, began to skin the calf. The horse danced about and neighed, and did not seem like the same poor beast that he had befriended earlier in the day. It could see with both eyes, its legs were strong, and its coat was glossy and bright.

Katit placed the buffalo meat on the horse's back, and over it he threw the spotted robe. Then he led his horse back to camp, while the young men who had seen his prowess looked after him with wonder.

One of the braves offered to give him twelve horses for the spotted robe, because he wished much to marry the Chief's daughter; but Katit would not listen to him.

"You laughed at me," he said. "Now I take my turn."

When he reached his grandmother's lodge, she ran out to meet him.

"I have brought you a fine store of meat," he said. "Take it while I carry the spotted robe to the Chief."

"How did you get it?" she asked.

"I shot the calf with my arrow," he said proudly. And she was glad.

Then the boy took the spotted robe to the Bear Chief, and the Chief gave it to his squaw. Katit did not wait to demand the daughter of the Chief. He said to himself: "He would never give her to one so poor as I. How could I take the maiden to my wretched lodge? What would she think of the torn skins all tied together with strings of rawhide?"

Then he went slowly back to his grandmother. He had seen the daughter of the Chief and she was very fair. And he was sad.

THE WINNER OF TALKING BIRD

THE night after Katit had taken the spotted robe to Bear Chief's lodge, the Talking Horse spoke again:

"To-morrow a war party will come. There will be a great fight. If you will obey me, you may win many scalps and much glory. When the Sioux are before you, ride me into the midst of their band. Seek the head chief and count *coup*.[1] You may then kill him. Then ride back. If you do this four times, you will count *coup* on four of the Sioux. But do not ride upon the fifth or you will be sorry."

Katit could scarcely wait for the morrow, and in his dreams he saw the conquered Sioux and his own glory.

Everything happened as the Talking Horse had said. The Sioux shot many arrows at Katit, but none pierced his skin, and he counted *coup* on their head chief and on three of their warriors. Then

[1] *Coup* (pronounced *kōō*). Among some tribes the act of touching an enemy in time of battle, with the hand or with a short stick, was regarded as an act of bravery. It was called counting a *coup*.

Katit became wild with the battle, for the Sioux and the Pawnees fought until the sun was red in the sky, and the boy felt the joy of killing. He forgot all that the horse had said and charged a fifth time. Alas! an arrow pierced the brown horse and he fell down dead. Then Katit's heart was cold within him, and all the joy of battle was gone out of him. He fought his way through the ranks of the Sioux and ran back to the village; and the Sioux, being full of rage, hacked the body of the brown horse to pieces with their hatchets.

But the Pawnees at length proved to be stronger than the Sioux, and when the night came, the Sioux gave up the fight and fled.

There was great rejoicing in the Pawnee village, and the braves feasted and were glad. But Katit was sad. He grieved for his horse, and went to the field to mourn over him. He gathered up the gory pieces of his friend and laid them all together. Then he mourned upon the hilltop and covered his head with his robe. And as he mourned with heavy heart, lo, the Wind came from his home in the Far Mountains. He came with a rushing sound, and had with him his brother Rain. And Wind blew a blast long and terrible, and Rain fell in torrents even more terribly. And still Katit mourned.

Soon came another sound, and Wind passed again, and his rushing became a mighty roar. Then Rain came again, and it was as if the sky had opened and let loose all the hidden water. After this the Thunder Bird spoke. But still Katit mourned with hidden face.

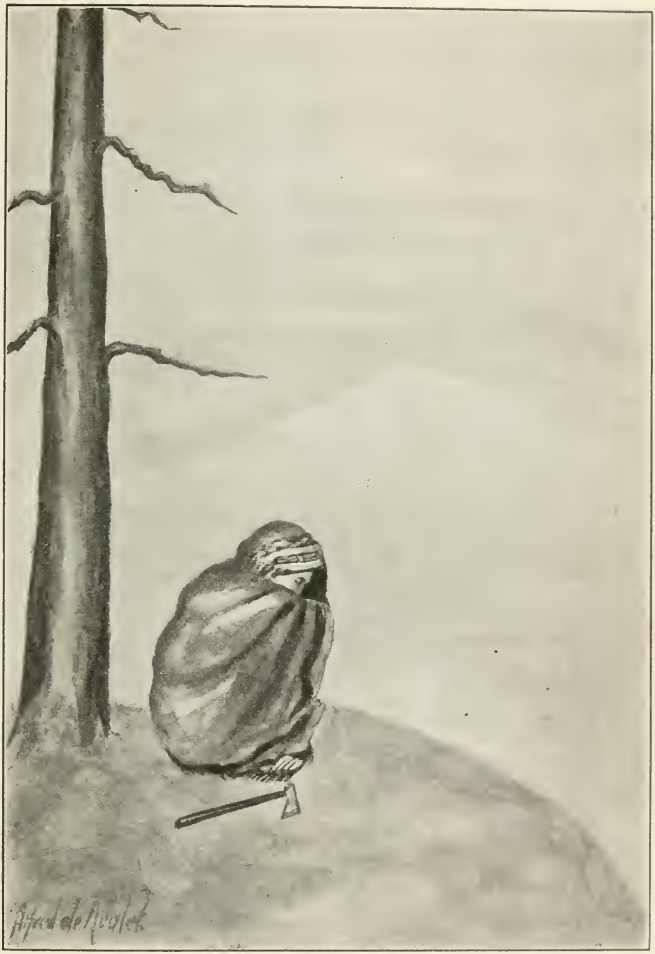
A third time came Wind and Rain, and this time hand in hand, and terrible was the sound thereof. Then Katit raised his head and looked to where he had laid the pieces of the brown horse. And as he looked Wind and Rain departed beyond the hilltops into the land of the Far Mountain. And Katit saw a wonderful thing. He looked upon the pieces he had laid together, and they were in the shape of a horse. And as he looked, lo! they moved, and with wide-eyed fear he saw the shape arise. It was the Talking Horse.

Katit ran swiftly down the hillside; he flew like an arrow from the bow. But the horse spoke sternly:

"Where was your promise to obey, O Katit? See what trouble you have caused! Tirawa has heard my prayer to return to you; but hereafter you must obey!"

"I will obey," said Katit, with deep shame.

"To-night I will stay in the thicket of willows



(19) "He mourned upon the hilltop."

outside the camp," said the horse. "When morning dawns, come there for me."

Katit returned to his lodge; and when it was morning, he went out to the thicket of willows. The horse was there, and also another superb black horse. He took the black horse with him to the village, but the Talking Horse remained under the willows by the river.

Next day Katit returned again to find with the Talking Horse a white mare, gentle and beautiful. Thus he did for ten nights, and each morning he found another horse. Then he was rich, and the Talking Horse said to him:

"Go now to the Chief and say to him: 'I killed the spotted calf. I am rich in horses. Give me your daughter.'" And Katit obeyed.

"Take her," said the Chief. Then no more was Katit sad, for Talking Bird sat at his hearthstone. And he cared for his grandmother and kept her in his lodge; and when at length the Bear Chief went to Tirawa, Katit was made chief in his stead.

And many horses Katit rode, but never the Talking Horse. It was led beside the young chief wherever he went. And it lived to be very old; and when at last it died, all the people of the tribe mourned for it.

THE STAR WIFE

A SIOUX LEGEND

Once in the long ago a young warrior went out alone to hunt. He went where he had never before been, and found himself in a dense forest. There pine trees grew tall and straight. He pressed through the bushes seeking the trail, and came at length to an open space where there were no trees nor shrubs. He looked closely and saw in the grass a circle which seemed as if trodden by many feet. As he stood wondering what this meant, he heard a strange noise above him, as of a huge bird flying through the air. He looked up and saw a black speck high, very high in the blue.

"I will hide myself and see if I can make out what this means," he said; so he hid himself in the bushes.

As he lay hidden, he heard music; then he looked up and saw that the black speck was coming nearer to the earth. He saw that it was a strange basket made of reeds, and in it were sitting twelve maidens. Each was beautiful, but one was most fair of all;

and as he looked, the brave loved her Each maiden was beating upon a drum, and the music was soft to his ear.

When the basket touched the ground, the maidens sprang out. They joined hands and danced upon the grass in the magic circle. And the one whom the warrior loved danced more gracefully than all the rest. He watched until he could keep still no longer; then, as the maiden danced near to him, he sprang up and tried to catch her floating silvery robe. But in an instant all the maidens had sprung back into the basket, and it ascended into the sky.

"She is gone!" he cried. "Why did I touch her? I shall never see her more!" and he in grief left the wood. But he did not give up all hope of seeing her again.

"I shall come again to-morrow," he said to himself. "I shall come again for many days until I see her once more." So he made through the wood a blazed trail that he might know the way back; and all night he slept and dreamed of her.

The next day he returned to the forest, and when he reached the fairy ring, he changed himself into an opossum; for he wore a magic belt and could change himself into anything he wished.

Again the maidens descended from the sky.

Again they danced. Again the one he loved seemed more beautiful than all the rest. He crept from the bushes towards her and was very near, when she cried: "See that ugly creature! Fly!" and again the fairy beings sprang into the car and were borne from his sight.

He was in despair. That night he dreamed of her again and the next day he returned to the ring. This time he found a hollow stump full of mice, and said: "I will change myself into a little mouse. Then she will not fear me." He scampered into the stump with the mice just as the basket descended.

"She is fairer than I dreamed," he said. "She must be mine." Then he bit at the other mice until they all ran out of their hiding place.

"Let us chase them," cried the maidens, and they ran gayly after the little creatures. The warrior watched them, and as the maiden of his choice came near him, he ran in front of her.

"Here is one!" she cried; "I will catch him!" She stooped and caught him in her hands, and as she held him, lo! he changed into a man. He clasped her close and would not let her go, although she screamed in terror. The other maidens sprang into the basket and at once disappeared, and the warrior was left alone with his beloved.

"Be not afraid," he whispered. "I will not harm you. I am a great warrior and hunter. Stay with me, and I will kill many deer. Many buffalo shall come to my wigwam. You shall have meat to eat and warm robes to wear and soft moccasins — "

She listened, and she too loved. So he led her to his lodge and she was his bride. And the Bird of Happiness folded its wings above his lodge pole and tarried with him.

Thus passed many moons. A son came to them, and the young brave was very glad. His wife seemed to him fairer each day. She had ever the softest skins to lie on, the softest robes to wear, much meat to eat; but she was not happy.

She longed for her home in the fair Star-land, for she was a daughter of the stars.

Often when her husband was at the chase she wept and wept for her father and her beloved home. One day when her husband had gone out to hunt, she wept and could bear her loneliness no longer. She made for herself an osier basket and placed therein her baby son and some food, and stole away to the fairy ring in the woodland. Then she seated herself beside the boy in the basket. She raised her eyes and sang, and the basket was lifted up to the sky and she was swept from sight.

(25) "So he led her to his lodge."

Her husband heard the music and ran to the fairy ring. Alas! he saw her borne from his sight.

"Return, oh, my beloved Star Wife," he cried. "Return!"

But she answered not; and he went back to his lodge alone, and there he mourned many moons. Every night when the stars shone, he went forth beneath their radiance and raised his arms towards the sky.

"Star Chief," he cried, "be kind. Send me mine own!" But the Star Chief answered not.

Then again the warrior raised his arms upward.

"Star Wife," he cried, "return!" But she came not to his lodge.

"Star Son, come back to me!" he cried aloud, and from the sky he heard a little cry, but the boy came not. So he returned to his lodge, alone.

The Star Wife was very happy in the sky, but the boy longed for his father. And at last so did she, and she grew sad. This her father, the Great Star Chief saw, and he spoke to her:

"Daughter, you are sad. When you were on the Earth you longed for your home. Here you mourn for your husband. Return now with your son and bring him to dwell with us. Thus shall you be always happy. Tell him I wait to welcome

him. He shall bring with him one of each kind of animal he hunts, and they shall be in the sky."

So the Star Wife took her son and descended to the Earth; and her husband clasped her close and was glad. Then she told him all that her father had said, and he answered:

"My days here are leaden-shod when you are gone. Soon the time will come for me to pass to the Happy Hunting Grounds without you. If therefore we may dwell together in the Star-land, I am happy. I will go. I go now to hunt."

So he took his bow and arrows, and he shot a bear and a buffalo and many other beasts and birds. These he took with him, and he and his wife and his son were borne upwards to the Star-land. And Earth knew them no more.

To-day they may be seen among the stars which shine upon a summer night,[1] — the hunter and his wife and son, and even the bear he brought, and others of the beasts. For all dwell happily there in the radiant Star-land.

[1] This legend refers to Sagitarius, Ursa Major, and others of the constellations.

HOW FIRE CAME TO EARTH

It was in the long ago. Yelth, the Raven, was a spirit of good, and he was kind; but his uncle, the great Gray Eagle, was a spirit of evil.

The Eagle kept in his lodge the Sun, Moon, Stars, Fire, and Fresh Water, and he guarded them, that the children of men should not get any part of them. He hated the children of men and wished them evil. But Yelth wished them well, and therefore the great Gray Eagle hated him.

The great Gray Eagle's daughter, however, did not hate the handsome youth; and when Yelth spoke smooth words to her, she bade him enter her father's lodge. Yelth looked well within the lodge to see what he could find that the children of men could use.

"Who are you?" he asked a great, shining ball; and the ball answered:

"I am Sun. All day long I can shine and give light and warmth. Why am I shut up here?"

Then Yelth saw a smaller ball and he asked:

"Who are you?" and a gentle voice said:

"I am Moon, and by night I can shed soft radiance over all the world to make it fair and well-nigh bright as day. Yet here I rest in this dark place," and she sighed.

Yelth turned to some small and twinkling lights and asked of them their names, and they answered:

"We are Stars. We are Moon's children, flowers of the sky; but the great Gray Eagle keeps us here, although we long to see the bright and beautiful world."

Yelth looked once more in the lodge and saw two other things, and these were Fire and Water, and he said to himself:

"All of these things I must have for the use of my friends, the children of men."

Then Yelth, the Raven, gathered up Sun, Moon, Stars, Fire, and Water, and, bearing them all with him, he flew up out of the smoke hole of the lodge. He flew straight up to the blue, and there he hung Sun where all men might see him. Then he rested for a while in a tree top, and soon came night.

Yelth could not see to fly; but he hung Moon in her place, and scattered the Stars all about the sky, and they made the heavens bright with light. And Yelth flew swiftly through the air.

(30) "Yelth carried the fire stick in his bill."

He flew and flew toward his own lodge, and carried with him fresh Water and burning Fire.

At length, however, he grew tired of his task. He dropped Water upon the earth, and it flowed and flowed into rivers and lakes and springs, and thereafter men had plenty of fresh water to drink.

Now Fire was burning upon a fire stick, and Yelth carried the stick in his bill. The slow flames burned and burned, and the smoke blackened the Raven's coat until it was like a coal. The flames became hotter until they burned the stick away and touched Yelth's bill with pain, and Yelth dropped the fire and it fell to earth. To the rocks and trees it fell, and there it is to this day. For the children of men make fire by striking together two bits of rock, or by rubbing together two dry sticks.

And this is how Fire came to the Earth by Yelth, the Raven, in the time of the long ago.

THE STRANGE DEEDS OF KUTOYIS

A BLACKFOOT LEGEND

I

LONG years ago there was an old man who dwelt with his wife in a lodge near the Big River.[1] They dwelt alone, for they had given their daughter to the man she loved.

In that perhaps they were wise, but they were foolish in giving wealth to their son-in-law. For they gave him the best lodge, while they themselves lived in a mean one. And the son-in-law was of an evil heart and treated the old people rudely.

His evil heart was his own, but his rudeness was the fault of the old people. For when the old are not wise, the young quickly learn to be rude.

The young brave made the old man help him hunt, but gave him little of the game that was taken. He made him skin the buffaloes, but gave him no robes for his bed, nor hides for his moccasins. The old man, therefore, hungered and was cold, and his wife was the same.

Once in a while the daughter would give food to

[1] Missouri.

her parents, but only when her husband was gone from the lodge. At length they grew weak and ill.

One day the son-in-law called to the old man, "Come, you, and help me hunt buffaloes!" The poor man obeyed. A big buffalo ran before them and the arrow of the old man killed it. While he was skinning it, his arrows chanced to fall on the ground, and as he picked them up, he noticed a drop of blood on one of them.

"A drop of blood is better than nothing," he said; and he placed the arrow in his quiver. His son-in-law gave him not a morsel of the meat.

When he reached home he called to his wife: "Stir the fire, let the smoke ascend through the smoke hole. Put on the kettle."

"Have we meat?" asked the old woman.

"No, but we have something. My spirit tells me to do this."

Then they stirred the fire under the kettle, and when the water boiled, he put into it the arrow with the drop of blood. They listened, and lo! they heard the crying of a child.

"Look quickly!" cried the old woman; and, looking, they found within the kettle a baby boy.

"Take him quickly and make lashing for him, and hang him from the lodge pole," cried the man.

"For my spirit tells me he shall be our good fortune." And the old woman did as she was bid, and they called the baby Kutoyis.[1]

"We must not let our son-in-law know that this is a boy or he will kill him," said the old woman. "We will say it is a girl, and then he will let it live, for he will think to marry her when she is old enough." So they called it a girl.

And Kutoyis grew. He laughed at the old man and the old woman, at the sunlight and the shadows. He laughed at everything. One day when he was yet too young, he spoke.

"Lash me to the lodge pole," he said, "and I will grow to be a man." And they did. Then he grew and grew, and burst his lashings and was as large and strong as a man.

"There is no food here," he said boldly. "Give me arrows and I will get some."

"I have no arrows," said the old man; "only four flint heads."

"Get me some wood and you shall see."

They brought him wood and they saw. For he made a bow as fine as if of *bois d'arc* wood, and four arrows he shaped for the flint heads. Then he said:

[1] Drop of Blood.

(35) "One day when he was yet too young, he spoke."

"Let us go hunting. You need buffalo." So the old man took him to the *piskun*, and they shot a fine buffalo.

Soon the son-in-law came out to see what was going on. Kutoyis hid behind the dead buffalo, for the old man had told him how evil was the heart of the son-in-law.

The young man called rudely to his father-in-law, and shot an arrow at him. And Kutoyis put an arrow to his bow, and as he shot he rose up and said:

"I am Kutoyis, Drop of Blood! For your evil treatment of this old man you shall die an evil death!" And as the young man turned to flee, Kutoyis shot him with four arrows in the back. And he died. Then Kutoyis said to the old man:

"Go back now to your great lodge and dwell there. And do not again foolishly give away what you can use. Now you shall have meat and to spare."

Then was the old man glad and so was his wife; but their daughter wept. And Kutoyis said to her:

"Do you weep for a bad husband? I will give you a good one. Or if you must weep for him, you must go to him."

But she was of no mind to die. She said, "A good husband will dry my tears." So Kutoyis

found a brave who wished her for a wife; and they were wed and lived in the small lodge which her father had lived in. And she was happy.

II

By and by, Kutoyis grew tired of living in the lodge and of hunting. "Where are there other lodges?" he asked.

"On Wolf Creek there are lodges," said the old man. So Kutoyis went thither. He found many lodges and much people. Two old women bade him welcome, for he was a handsome youth.

"Here is bear meat," they said. "It is the best we have."

"But it is dry and poor; where is the good meat?" he asked.

"A big bear dwells in the lodge. He takes all the good meat," they said.

"Harness your *travois*," he said. "I will kill you good meat."

Then he went forth and shot a buffalo calf. He put the carcass on the dog *travois*, and carried it to the lodge of the old women.

"Put the best pieces up outside the lodge so the bear will see them," he said; and they did.

Soon one of the bear's children passed by and

saw the meat. He began to carry it away; but Kutoyis struck him fiercely and the cub ran to his father, crying:

"Some one hit me on the head, there by the lodge of the old women, because I took some fresh buffalo meat."

"I will kill him," roared the big bear; and he and all his family rushed forth to fight. But Kutoyis killed them all and that easily. Then he said to the old women:

"Now you may have plenty of good meat, for the bears will trouble you no more. Where are there more people, for I seek adventures?"

"There are many lodges by the Big River, but you must not go there. For an evil woman is there who asks braves to try their strength and wrestle with her. And then she kills them," said the old women.

"Then I shall go and see her," said Kutoyis. "She will not kill me." This he said because he knew it was his business to kill everything bad. He went to the lodge where the woman was, and she saw him coming.

"Come here and wrestle," she cried.

"I cannot," answered Kutoyis, going on.

"You are tall and strong, young brave, but I am stronger," she said mockingly. "Come and try me!"

"But I am in haste," he answered.

"It will take you but a moment," she answered. "Indeed I am sure you are the stronger. Now that I look at you and see how fine and strong you are, I feel very weak." Thus she flattered him, hoping that he would wrestle with her to show himself stronger. Kutoyis was, meanwhile, coming nearer and nearer and looking all around to see what he could see. He saw that the ground was covered with sharp stones over which the woman had covered grass. So he said at last:

"I will wrestle."

Then they wrestled, and she was strong. She tried to throw him and to make him trip upon the flints, but he looked on the ground and saw the stones and did not fall. He wrestled with her until she was tired and then he cast her upon the flints, and she was killed. Then were the people happy, and they called Kutoyis "Great Brave."

Thus Kutoyis went on his way doing great deeds. He killed Aisinokoki, the Mud Sucker; he destroyed all evil beasts; he even made an end to the Man Eater who dwelt in the great lodge beyond the Big River. And when his shadow departed for the Sand Hills, many people of many tribes mourned for Kutoyis.

THE CROW CHILDREN

A VANCOUVER ISLAND LEGEND

THERE was once a woman, and she had two children whom she loved very much. She always took them with her wherever she went. This she did because she feared something ill might come to them. She was always very kind to them, but they did not always obey her.

This grieved her, and made her poor[1] in mind, but she said:

"They will grow better as they grow older."

One day, in the Moon of the Falling Leaf, she took her two children in her bark canoe and went with them across the big water. She went to gather boughs from the spruce trees, upon which she might collect the eggs from the salmon when the great fishes come crowding into the waters.

It was cold; there was frost in the air. So she landed upon the sands and built a fire with sticks and branches that the children might be warm.

"Go not from here," she said, "lest Hoots[2] or

[1] Sad.

[2] Cinnamon bear.

Itzwoot[1] get you. They dwell beyond the trees, and they eat children. Beware!"

"I will not go," said I'kope; and Chawatum said, "I will not go."

Then the mother was at rest.

"*Alki*,[2] I shall come," she said, and she left them and went to her work. It was very still in the spruce woods. The sun scarcely shone through the branches, and all was solemn and dark. The long arms of the spruce trees spread far out and dropped their little needles down upon the ground until they covered it with green pillows.

The woman cut many boughs, and was very tired; for she was no longer young. She was so tired that she lay down upon the green spruce needles; but she could not rest, for she heard the voice of Kitsinao[3] calling, and yet it seemed like the voice of her children.

She gathered up her boughs and sought her canoe, but her children were not there. She called aloud, but there was no answer.

"I'kope!" she cried, but only Echo answered, mocking, "'ope!"

"Chawatum!" Again Echo mocked her from Twin Mountains where he dwelt and cried, "'watum!"

[1] Black bear. [2] By and by. [3] The crow.

Footprints led across the sands into the deep woods and she followed them; but her little ones were not there.

"Where are my children?" she cried to the silent pines They answered not, but only shook their heads and sighed. Still further she fled into the forest, and the world seemed blue with pines; and still she found them not. She fled to the place of the fresh water and screamed to the silver birches:

"Where are my children, O Birch Trees, tell me!"

The Silver Birches swayed low in the breeze, and all their leaves gave forth a rustling sound of mourning, but they answered not.

Then forth from the forest there stalked an elk with horns like pine branches, and she cried to him:

"Have you seen I'kope? Chawatum have you seen?" And the elk shook his antlers and answered her sadly, "No."

By the fresh water she saw Ena[1] and asked of him and of Ena Poo,[2] but both made the same mournful reply:

"We have not seen them."

Then the mother sorrowed greatly and was poor in mind.

"My children!" she cried. "A-i-i-i-i-e-e-e! My children!" And ever through her mourning she heard the sound of Kitsinao's voice, calling as though her little ones called.

Then she cried to her friendly spirits to help her, but they were sad. "We cannot help you," they said. "The fairies have changed your children into crows because they ran into the woods and disobeyed you. Now they must stay in the woods forever."

Then was the mother as one bereft of her senses. She fled from the woods and told her husband what had befallen them. And she wept many days. But the husband carved the story upon the totem pole before his lodge, and there, to this day, it stands.

And when the crows call from out the forest, children cling close to their mothers, and their mothers say, while gently twining their arms around them, "It is good for children to obey."

[1] Beaver. [2] Muskrat.

THE TRAIL OF THE FAR-OFF LODGE

A BLACKFOOT TALE

I

THERE was once a young man who was very poor. All his people had gone to the Great Beyond. He had no lodge, no home. But he was a mighty hunter and the people of his tribe liked him, for he was brave and of a good heart.

He was tall and straight and his face was good, but on one side of it he had a scar. From this men called him Scar-on-the-Face, and that was his name.

Scar-on-the-Face loved. The maiden was the chief's daughter. She had been asked in marriage by many, but had said No.

"These I will not marry," she said. "Why should I? None can give me soft robes or plenty of pemmican, and all these I have in my father's lodge."

One day Scar-on-the-Face passed her lodge while she sat at the door. He looked at her and then he looked away. One of the braves she would not marry saw and laughed, and said:

(45) "All these I have in my father's lodge."

"Why do you not ask her? She will take none of us who are not marked. Perhaps she is waiting for one, Scar-on-the-Face."

"I will ask her," said Scar-on-the-Face, with dignity. He walked back to her lodge, but she was not there. They told him that she was at the river, and he followed her.

"I will speak with you," he said simply. "It is in my heart to marry you. Others you will not have, braves rich and with many furs and robes. I am poor, but I ask you. Will you be my squaw?"

The girl hung down her head. Then she said:

"The man I marry would not be poor. For my father can give him furs and parfleche and dogs. I have no brothers in our lodge. My husband may live there and be happy."

"Am I to dwell there?" he asked.

"Not yet. It is in my heart to marry you; but one day the Above Person, the Sun, commanded me not to marry. He said that he had chosen me. So I dare not take you to husband. Only you may find him. Go then on the trail to the Far-off Lodge. Find the Above Person. Say to him: 'She whom you wished would marry me. I want her. Take now the scar from my face and let

that be the sign that you give her to me.' Then you may return to me, and you may dwell in my lodge."

Then was the heart of Scar-on-the-Face heavy, but he said:

"I will go on the trail to the Far-off Lodge. Farewell!" For he saw there was no other way.

II

He started upon the trail and traveled for many moons. He asked a wolf where the Sun Lodge was, but the wolf knew not, and said:

"The bear is wise. Ask him."

The bear said: "I have never seen it. Ask the badger."

But the badger sent him to the puma and the puma to the owl, and none knew. Then a wolverine pitied him, and said: "I have seen it, and I will show you the trail. It is across the Great Water."

When he reached the Great Water, he had no way to cross. He sat down in despair. But as he waited, two fine swans came and bore him across, and set him on the right trail. Then he was strong and of a good heart.

He saw lying in his path some beautiful arrows and a *bois d'arc* bow. But he did not touch them.

They were not his; and he passed on. Soon he met a fair young man, who asked him:

"Did you see arrows on the trail?"

"I did," said Scar-on-the-Face. "They are lying in the path, a little way back."

"You are not one to steal," said the young man. "Where do you go?"

"I seek the Sun," said Scar-on-the-Face.

"I am his son. I will take you to him," said Apisirahts,[1] for it was indeed he, the Morning Star; and they went on together.

The lodge of the Above Person was very beautiful. It was painted with animal figures and was larger than any that Scar-on-the-Face had ever seen. Within was Morning Star's mother, Kokomikis,[2] and she said, "Welcome." Then the Sun entered and greeted him kindly, for the sake of his son, Morning Star, who liked him.

"Stay and hunt with Morning Star," he said. "Go where you like; but go not to the Great Water, for birds dwell there that would kill my son."

So Scar-on-the-Face hunted with Morning Star. He loved the boy, and he waited for a time when he might ask the Sun to give him his desire.

One day Morning Star ran from him, and in

[1] Morning star. [2] Moon.

sport went to the Great Water; for he was willful and wished to kill the birds of which his father had warned him. Scar-on-the-Face followed with the swiftness of the wind.

"I must find him," he said. "The boy must not be killed by those cruel birds, or sorrow will come to his mother." At length he found the boy, and he killed all the birds with his spear; and Morning Star cut off their heads and took them to his mother. She was glad, and the Sun also rejoiced. Then the Above Person said:

"You have saved my son. Hereafter you also shall be called my son. What do you wish? For none come on the trail to the Far-off Lodge without reason."

Scar-on-the-Face told him of his love, and said:

"She will not come to me because of you, for she is obedient, and you forbade her to marry."

"All this is true," said the Sun. "I knew everything before you came. She has been wise. Now she is yours. I like wise women and pity them, for the earth is not warm for them."

Then he stroked the cheek of Scar-on-the-Face with his hand, and it was no longer scarred, but smooth and fair.

"Return to her," the Sun said. "This is the sign

that she may marry you. No more shall you be called Scar-on-the-Face, but men shall call you Smooth Cheek the Beloved. For you will make all men happy."

"How shall I make them happy?" asked the young brave.

"Tell them this," said the Sun: "When any man is ill, his wife may vow to make a lodge in my honor if he get well. If he is in danger, she may promise it for his safety. She must say this prayer: 'Great Above Person, O Sun who rules in the sky, hear! I am good, pity me. Spare him whom I love and pray for, and I will build you a Medicine Lodge. O Sun, hear and have pity!' And if she is a good woman I will save the man.

"The lodge must be round. There must be a sweat house like the dome of the sky, painted in red and in black, for the Sun and the Moon. The lodge must be built when the sarvis berries are ripe.

"Farewell now, Smooth Cheek the Beloved. Take these two feathers for a sign to your wife. Now go, and carry with you healing and happiness."

Then the young man bade farewell to the Above Person, to his wife, and to Morning Star. And they gave him many presents and robes and moccasins. They showed him a short trail to the

earth, even the Wolf Road,[1] and he traveled it in safety.

It was not long before he saw his home. Many people ran out to meet the stranger, for they did not know him, so rich were his clothes and so smooth his face. He passed them by and went to the chief's daughter. She knew him.

"It is Scar-on-the-Face," she said. "He is Smooth Cheek now;" and she smiled, and happiness was hers.

He gave her the two feathers as the Above Person had commanded. "This is the sign," he said; "for the Above Person sent them to you."

"Was the way long?" she asked.

"It was long and hard, the trail to the Far-off Lodge," he said. "But I found helpers."

Then he told her all the Above Person had said. So she made promise as the Sun had said, for she was good; and they were married.

She made the Medicine Lodge as the Sun had commanded. And the Above Person blessed them, and they were always well and their children.

[1] The Milky Way.

THE BOY WHO BECAME CHIEF

A PAWNEE LEGEND

It was very cold. Winter had laid his sleep blanket upon the earth and it was white. The men of the Pawnees had gone as usual upon their winter hunts, but they had found no game.

Their dried meats and their corn were all eaten, and the braves ate their moccasins and their robes. Children died of hunger, and Taka suffered.

"I have no father," he said. "I have no mother. The squaw who has me in her wigwam has no brave to help her find food. She needs all for her own children. She has been kind to me. Therefore so long as I have life left I will give my meats to her, that her boy and girl may live. When I can no longer endure it, I will drop by the way."

Thus he did, and whatever bits of food or roots or grass he found, he gave to the squaw. But she, being of a good heart, divided the food into three portions, so that all the children might have some. But Taka was a large boy and needed more food

than the smaller children, and he grew weaker every day.

In despair, the tribe started on a long journey toward the land where the birds fly in the autumn; but they found no game. Whenever the young men climbed to the tree tops to look, or to the highest hills, they came back sadly.

"What did you see?" said the chief, and they would answer:

"Snow."

"Are there no buffaloes?" again he would ask; and they would say again:

"Snow."

Then the little ones died, and the men grew weaker and weaker.

"Tirawa[1] is angry," they said; and Taka was sad.

"When I can no longer help the good heart who helped me, I must die," he thought. "For living, I take the food from her children and from herself."

At length the day came when he could scarcely move, and the hunger and sickness was upon him so that he could not help her carry the lodge. So he went not onward with the tribe, but sat himself down by the smoldering camp fire.

[1] Pawnee term for the Creator.

"I hunger," he said to himself; "but there is no meat. I am cold, but here is warmth. This then is the place to die."

He gathered together all the sticks which lay about and placed them on the coals, and warmed himself, and the warmth was pleasant. Then he wrapped his blanket about him and lay down by the fire. And he slept.

When he awoke, the sun was high in the blue. A strange sound met his ears as of beating wings, and he saw two huge birds hovering over him. He closed his eyes in fear, and the birds came close to him. They raised him on their wings and flew up, up, far into the sky. And again he slept.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself lying upon a pile of fresh boughs in a mighty lodge. He had never seen one so large. It was warm within the lodge and he felt strong. He arose and beheld a man of great height. The moccasins of the man were of the finest antelope skin, his robe was a white buffalo skin, and his leggings were of fine buckskin ornamented with porcupine quills.

"This must be a mighty chief. I fear him," thought the boy. Then the chief spoke.

"Loo-ah, sit down," he said. "Give him to eat."

The boy glanced into the face of him who spoke,

(55) "He saw two large birds hovering over him."

and it was kind. So he sat down without fear. Then others brought him something to eat. One cut a piece of dried meat and some fat. These he gave to Taka, and said, "Eat."

To the starving boy it seemed a small supper. He cut off a small piece of meat and ate slowly; then another and another piece he cut, yet not eating greedily like a wolf.

The great chief smiled kindly upon him.

"I am Tirawa," he said. "I have seen the hunger of your people and pitied them. Return to the deserted camp fire. Thence follow your people. When you have overtaken them, they will have had no meat for more than five days. Say to the son of the chief, 'Loo-ah! run fast to the hilltop and tell me what you see!' If he sees naught, then go yourself. Obey me, and you shall live."

Taka bowed his head; and Tirawa passed his hand over the eyes of the boy until they became heavy, and he slept again.

When he awoke, he was beside the deserted camp fire. The fire had burned low, and he was cold. He arose and followed the trail of his people. When he overtook them, they were sore hungry.

As Tirawa had said, so he did. When the chief's son went to the hilltop and saw naught, Taka robed

himself in the robe which Tirawa had given him, and swift as the wind he flew to the hilltop. He looked toward the north and saw naught but snow, white and pitiless. He looked toward the west, and there the wind raged about, swirling the snow in cruel sport. In the east was only the snow-covered prairie; but southward the snowy meadows were dark with moving beasts. And he was glad.

Quickly he called to his people, waving to them with his robe. They came, and he told them what he had seen. The beasts were buffaloes, and of them the braves killed many; for the beasts could not run away through the deep, deep snows. There was enough meat for all, and so no one was hungered. There the tribe set up their lodges and stayed until summer came, for there was food enough, and warm skins for robes, and wood for the camp fires.

Taka grew fast and was beloved by all the tribe. So when the Squaw chief[1] died, she named him as her successor, and they made Taka head chief of the tribe.

[1] Pawnee chiefs, according to Pawnee legend, were always women up to the time of this story.

THE FATE OF MAMONDAGOKWA

AN OJIBWAY TRADITION

THERE was once an Indian maiden who was the most beautiful maiden in the village. She was called Mamondagokwa, and all the braves of the village desired to marry her. She cared for no one, and none seemed good enough for her. For each and every lover she had but a toss of the head and a laugh of scorn.

Even the handsomest man in the village fared no better than the rest. Because he was so handsome he was called "Fine Brave." He was very much in love with Mamondagokwa, and, though she had laughed at him, he sought her again as she sat at the door of her father's lodge.

"Mamondagokwa," he said, "come with me to my lodge."

"Find another squaw, Fine Brave," she said. "I go not with you."

"You must come with me!" he cried; for her beauty was so great that he heeded not her scorn. He tried to take her hand, but she sprang from him

with flashing eyes. She answered not a word, but slowly raised her hand. She put together the thumb and three fingers of her hand, and slowly opened them toward him. And then she laughed.

Fine Brave turned his back and left her. He spoke to no one, but sought his lodge; and his soul was sick with shame. For had she not refused his love and insulted him before his friends? Many people of the village had been passing by, and they had seen; and they talked from lodge to lodge.

He thought and thought about it until, at last, he grew ill. He would not leave his lodge because he thought that every one would point to him and say:

"There he is! That is the brave whom Mamondagokwa insulted!"

He would not go to hunt nor to fish, but lay upon his couch all day. At last he grew so ill that he would not speak to any one. He lay silent, his eyes fixed upon the lodge pole. He would not listen when they told him it was time to break camp and leave the village. It was only a hunting camp, and his friends were going home.

Fine Brave would not move even when they took down his lodge poles and lifted the lodge over his couch. He lay quiet, with closed eyes, and would not speak when his friends said "Good-by."

But as he lay there alone thinking of the girl who had insulted him, he wished more than anything in the world to punish her.

"I wish to see her humbled before men," he said to himself. And he spoke to his *manitou*[1] and said:

"Tell me how to punish this wicked trifler. She has insulted me and many others, and it is not meet that she should continue doing so." Then his *manitou* promised him aid, and Fine Brave arose from his couch and dressed himself.

He went about the camp and picked up every bit of cast-off clothing he could find. In one place he found an old moccasin, in another a torn robe, soiled and tattered, in a third a legging. Everywhere was some scrap, dirty and trodden under foot. And all he took to where his couch was and worked over them until they appeared as fine as when they were new. He then called his *manitou* to aid him, and made a handsome suit of clothes. Coat and leggings he made, with beads and fringe; moccasins, frontlet, and head feathers, and a bow and arrows, — all these he decorated and made as handsome as any worn by a young brave.

He then went about the village and gathered up bones, bits of skin, feathers, dried meat and dirt,

[1] Guardian-spirit.

(61) "He found a torn robe, soiled and tattered."

and pressed these together with snow. He filled the clothes with this mass, and patted and smoothed and molded it until he had the shape of the body of a man. He made arms and legs, hands and feet, and then the face.

"Good *manitou*," he said, "help me, for I would breathe life into this creature."

He breathed and breathed, and lo! the creature lived. It moved and walked and did as he commanded.

Then Fine Brave laughed loud and long. He gave the creature his bow and arrows, wampum belt and quiver, frontlet and head feathers, and he saw that he was a handsome brave, and fine. And Fine Brave laughed again and called him "Rag Chief."

"Come with me," said Fine Brave. "We go hence, but you must obey all that I say. You are named Rag Chief, but you must call yourself Forest Rover." Then Rag Chief followed him, and they took the trail and followed the rest of the tribe to their new camp.

Every one admired the strange brave; for he was so tall, his clothing was so elegant! The chief invited him to his lodge and gave him moose meat to eat. Mamondagokwa looked upon him with

favor. She had never seen any one so handsome, and she loved him.

"Sit by the fire," she said. "The day is cold." But Forest Rover feared the fire, lest it would melt the snow of his body; so he answered, "I do not find it cold." And he sat far away by the door, and every one said: "How hardy he is! He does not need fire."

"Your glance is fire enough!" he whispered to Mamondagokwa, and she blushed beneath his gaze.

"Will you come to my lodge?" he whispered; and she made room for him to sit beside her. So he took the bridegroom's seat and they were married.

When the next day came, Forest Rover said to his wife:

"The smile of the Great Manitou rises in the blue. Ere he takes it from us and darkness fall again, I have to journey to a far lodge."

"I will go with you," said Mamondagokwa.

"Not so," he answered. "The lodge is far; rivers and lakes, hills and mountains, lie between. I must go quickly. You could not endure the hardships of the trail. Remain here!"

"With you I should fear no dangers," she said "Oh, my lord, let me go with you or I die!" But

he broke away from her and fled to the lodge of Fine Brave, and told him all she had said.

Fine Brave for a moment pitied her. Then his heart burned within him as he remembered the insult she had given him.

"She must suffer," he said to himself. "She has listened to folly and wedded an image when she could have had the best lodge in the land and a chief to bring her game. Let her suffer." So he commanded Rag Chief to return whither he had brought him.

Rag Chief set out, and far behind him followed Mamondagokwa. The trail was hard. It led over snow and ice, rocks and rivers, and he went very fast. She tried to follow, but he was soon out of her sight. The sun rose and grew bright in the sky as the Great Manitou smiled upon his children. And as the sun grew hot Rag Chief's body began to melt away. As the snow of which his body was made melted, his body fell to pieces and his clothing dropped apart.

His wife, following after, found first a moccasin, then a head feather, then a piece of his coat, then a legging. All were soiled, torn, and dirty, and she cried in terror:

"Alas! my beloved, where are you? Has some

wild beast set upon you and torn you to pieces? Shall I see you never?" But there was no answer; only from the far mountain, the Echo Spirit answered sadly:

"Never!"

She wandered on and on, searching for him and crying to him:

"Forest Rover! Forest Rover! Come back, oh, come back!" She sang aloud:

"Forest Rover,
Art thou near?
Oh, my lover,
Dost thou hear?"

Ever she pursued the shadow husband of her love, but she found him never. And still she wanders mournfully. And to-day, when Indian maidens hear from the forest the long, low, murmuring note of the wood dove, they say to each other:

"Mamondagokwa mourns her Forest Rover." And to such as are vain and foolish, their mothers shake their heads and say:

"Beware lest her ill fate be thine."

THE ANGER OF TIRAWA

A PAWNEE LEGEND

It was in the far-off times that Tirawa created the world. The men whom he created were strong, and they grew wicked. They forgot the gods who had made them and helped them. They even turned their backs upon the sun. This made Tirawa angry, and he called Paruxti, the cloud, that he send rain upon the people. But they laughed. He sent another, but they only laughed again. Then Tirawa was angry, and his anger was terrible.

"I will destroy them!" he said. "Rain and rain until all are drowned!"

So Paruxti did as he was commanded. He rained and rained until the water covered earth and trees and mountains. And all the people were drowned.

Then Tirawa felt sad, and he sent his messenger, the bluebird, to see if the waters had gone down and the earth was bare. But the bluebird flew quickly back to him.

"There is water all over the earth," he sang.

Tirawa next sent a crow, and said to him:

(67) "And he sent rain upon the people."

"If the waters have gone down, you will find beasts and people lying upon the ground. Do not touch them, but come back and tell me."

But the crow disobeyed, and when he saw the dead beasts he ate of them. As he looked from the blue, Tirawa saw him, and was angry.

"Come not back to Tirawahut," he said. "You have disobeyed me. Forever you shall stay upon the earth and live upon dead things."

Then the crow flew to earth, and the sound he made was mournful. "Caw! Caw!" he cried, in grief that he might never more go to Tirawa.

Tirawa then sent a third bird, and it came swiftly back and brought message that the earth was dry, the trees grew, and the flowers bloomed. And Tirawa said:

"You shall always be the messenger bird, flying between the earth and sky, for you have been obedient to the command of Tirawa. The people I shall put upon earth shall always keep you with them, and they shall tie the messenger bird to the stem of their prayer pipes forever."

Then Tirawa sorrowed for the people who were no more, and he created new people. And he sent Lightning to bear them to earth. And there were men and women upon the earth again.

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS

A SKIDI PAWNEE TRADITION

It was in the beginning of things. Tirawa,[1] Great Manitou, was chief in Tirawahut,[2] and Atira was his wife. Tirawa talked to the gods, and gave to each one his place.

"Stand to the east," he said to the Sun. "And give light and heat."

"Stand to the west, and be light for darkness," he said to the Moon.

To the Evening Star and the Morning Star, the North Star and the South Star, and to many others, he gave their places and their duties.

"I shall make a new world, and place people within it," Tirawa said. "And I shall send Clouds and Wind, Rain and Thunder and Lightning, and they shall be gods. Behold!" And then Tirawa bade the gods to sing, and they sang. And Cloud came and Wind blew Cloud, and Lightning and Thunder spoke. And into the Cloud Tirawa sent a pebble; and the gods took their clubs and struck

[1] All-powerful One. [2] The Heavens.

the waters, and they separated and the earth appeared. Then the gods raged, and Lightning struck life into the earth. And Thunder roared and roared, and the earth was shaken, and the dirt slid down into the valleys, so that there were hills and vales.

Then said Tirawa to the Bright Star, "Sing!" And the gods sang, and they came over the earth, and there grew trees and plants; but there was no life in them. But Thunder struck them, and they lived. And the gods scattered seeds over all the earth, and they had life breathed into them, so that they too lived and grew.

Then Tirawa sent to Bright Star and to Great Star a child, and it was a girl. And a boy came to Sun and Moon. When the time came for the boy and girl to descend to earth, Tirawa said to Cloud: "Descend to earth and become *hatawikatit*,[1] and bear the boy and girl thither." And Cloud did as he was bidden, and the youth and the maiden found themselves upon the earth, but they had not life.

Then Cloud and Wind and Lightning and Thunder came up and blew and stormed and roared; and they breathed life into the two; and they walked the earth, and they loved each other, and were man and wife.

[1] Whirlwind.

(71) "They built a *tepee* of grass."

And Tirawa sent them a child, and for that child, they began to work, to feed him, and to make his clothes. They built a *tepee*[1] of grass, and the gods sang to them and taught them many things.

"Make moccasins to cover your feet," they sang; "and robes to cover your bodies and that of your child. Tirawa sends you many things. With the war club of the gods the earth and waters were divided, so he gives you a war club. He sends you a bow and arrows of flint, and the pipe and a head feather. It shall be worn on the head, pointing upward, that you may remember Tirawa is above. Many other things will Tirawa send."

Then the man took the bow and the arrows, and he killed a deer and a buffalo; and his wife and boy ate of the meat and grew strong. And other people came upon the earth, and they were many. And the gods sang to them, and Cloud and Wind and Thunder and Lightning visited them, and they were well. All this happened in the far-off beginnings of things.

[1] Wigwam.

SPIRIT BOY

AN OJIBWAY LEGEND

Spirit Boy lived with his sister in a lodge beside the lake, He was a very little boy, and he never grew bigger, even when he was older. His father and mother were dead, but his sister took care of him when he was young. When he was older, he took care of himself.

One day in winter his sister gave him a ball to play with, and said, "Do not go far away from the lodge."

He ran off to play with the ball, and soon came to the lake. It was covered with ice. He saw four men, with spears in their hands, lying on the ice, spearing fish. They were very large men, the largest the boy had ever seen.

"Hi, hi!" cried one of the men. "See that little boy!"

"Be careful of him," said another. "He looks like a spirit boy."

"Ho!" laughed the first man. "He is too little to be of any account."

This the boy heard, and he was angry. He said to himself, "They think me of no account, but they will see;" and he crept up beside them and saw a big fish lying on the ice. He put his ball in its mouth, and threw it far across the ice, following after. The man looked for his fish, but it was not there. Then he saw it bounding and leaping across the ice. The boy he could not see, because he was so small.

"See my fish!" he cried; and his brother said:

"You can blame the Spirit Boy for that;" but the first man only laughed. Spirit Boy went home to his sister.

"Go out and get the fish I brought home." he said. She looked out and saw the great fish.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"I found it on the ice," he answered her. "Cook it, for I am hungry."

So she cooked, and they ate. Next day he went again to the lake. The men were there also. He

played with his ball, and it bounced into the fishing hole of the man whose fish he had taken.

"Will you hand me my ball?" said Spirit Boy.

"I will not," said the man, roughly. "Where is my fish?" And he poked the ball under the ice. Spirit Boy was very angry, and his anger made him strong. He caught the man's arm and broke it, and took his ball from the water. Then he went home again.

The brothers started after him, but they could not catch him, for Spirit Boy ran like the wind. He heard the men say that they would come again next day and kill him, but he laughed.

The next day the four brothers started to find Spirit Boy. Their mother, who was old and wise, said to them:

"Do not go after that boy. He is Spirit Boy, a manitou, or he would not do such things." But her sons would not listen to her, and they came to the lodge by the lake.

Spirit Boy's sister saw them, and cried to her brother: "Here come three braves. I am afraid;" and she ran to Spirit Boy.

"Huh!" he said. "That is nothing. Give me food."

She gave him the shell from which he ate, and he

ate meat and laughed. The men came to the lodge door, and Spirit Boy set his shell against the flap. The shell was a mussel shell, and as he set it against the door, lo! the shell turned to stone and closed the opening, so that no one could get in. The brothers were very angry. They chopped with their tomahawks, but made only a small hole in the stone. One of the men put his eye to the hole and Spirit Boy shot at him with an arrow, and the arrow went into the brain, so that he died. The other brothers looked through the hole, and each one was shot by Spirit Boy. He knew that they were wicked men and of bad hearts, and so he killed them. His sister ran out to see them.

"Come here," she cried. "Perhaps they are not dead."

Spirit Boy went out, and each one he cut in two, saying: "After this shall no man be larger than half of you; so shall the evil ones do half as much evil!"

Then he said to his sister: "I go to the lake."

"Do not go into the water," she cried; but he laughed at her, and ran to the water. He jumped in, and was paddling about when a huge fish came and swallowed him. His sister heard him cry out

and ran to the bank, calling, "Where are you? Where are you?"

"Tie your moccasin to a tree limb," he cried from out the fish. And she did as he said.

"What is that strange thing floating on the water?" said the fish.

"Swallow it and see," said Spirit Boy.

The fish swallowed it, and Spirit Boy laughed a wicked little laugh. He took hold of the moccasin, and began to pull himself to shore with the line. He pulled the fish with him, and his sister saw from the bank. She caught the fish and cut him open, and out jumped Spirit Boy.

"You came near cutting my head off!" he cried in anger. "Cut up the fish and dry it. It will last for food for a long time, and then I will get more. Do you not see that you need never fear for me? I can always do what is good for us. I am Spirit Boy."

His sister bowed down to him — and so ends the story of Spirit Boy.

THE BRIDE OF THE WIND

It was in the long ago. Wind was young, and he played like a child, rippling the waters of the quiet pool beside the mountain. There one could no longer see the peaks which were painted upside down by the Great Spirit. Wind played also in the forest, laughing with the ferns and murmuring to the pines. Through the deep prairie grasses he ran, swaying them to and fro, and by the brook he paused to rest.

There he found her, the child of his dreams; for he had always longed for a playmate. She was a fairy child, and Wind loved her and she loved him. As he danced and whistled around her, she laughed and clapped her hands, and Wind tossed her curls and touched her cheek and turned it red and rosy with his kisses. And she wept when he fled away to the forests. The next day he came again, and for many days, and they were playmates.

Thus it was until Wind grew tall and strong and bold, and then he said to her, "You must be my wife." And the child who had been his play-

mate, but was now grown a maiden, did not say him "Nay."

But her father was angry, and hid her within his lodge. Then Wind, too, grew angry. He made himself very light and still, and coming secretly at night, he caught his love to him, and bore her away to his home beside the Lake of the Wind.

When her father awoke, he said, "Where is my daughter?" but she answered not.

He looked within the lodge, and found her not. Quickly he loosed the tent flap and looked, but saw her not.

"Snoqualm!" he cried. Only the Spirit of the Mountain answered him, mocking, "Snoqualm!"

"Snoqualm!" he cried in grief. Again he heard only the cruel echo.

Still he stood and listened. From the mountain there came a sound. It was far and faint, yet he heard it, and he cried aloud: "Wind has taken her! I hear her voice in the great pines!"

Then his anger flamed through him like a fire, and quickly he followed after. Wind thought himself safe with his bride, and beside the still pool 'neath the great pines he slept.

There the father found him, and with his flint tomahawk smote his head, and he lay as one dead.

While he lay sleeping as one who had been weighed in the path and found light, the angry father bore Snoqualm away toward his lodge. And she wept.

The journey was long, and sorrow dragged her footsteps so that she went slowly. And her father being old went slowly also. Thus it was that Wind awoke while they were still not far away.

From the flint blow he was wild in his head, and he sought his bride o'er hill and stream in wrath.

"Snoqualm!" he screamed. "Where art thou?" He screamed again and again until even warriors shuddered and said: "Beware to-night, for Great Wind is angry."

Wind traveled far and fast, and all that came in his way, these he destroyed. Rocks he tossed aside, and even his friends, the pines, were torn and broken by his breath.

Snoqualm, his beloved, heard him. She crouched in the canoe of her father on the face of the Great Water. She dared not call to him, for the fear of her father was upon her.

Wind saw her, and the love of her burned within him, and he breathed upon the old man in rage.

"Give her to me!" he cried.

"Mine she has been since birth," answered the old man.

"Thine she has been. Mine she is!" bellowed Wind, with the voice of Too-tale,[1] and Snoqualm hid her face in her robe.

The warrior fought fiercely, but Wind was strong as the wrath of a Too-muck,[2] and he smote the old man till he died. But in his death he was avenged, for in his fall the warrior dragged Snoqualm into the deep, deep water. And she was drowned.

Wind mourned, but the Spirits of Magic loved him, and they bore the body of Snoqualm from the cold water up into the sky. There Wind could see her, and there she is to this day, Snoqualm, the Moon. And her face is as the ghost of a water spirit, and in any water you can see her spirit upon a moonlight night.

But Wind knows her not, so crazed is he with grief. And he floats in his canoe across the shimmering waters in the path of the Moon, and he sings of her to the ferns and grasses, to the pines and the water mists. Sometimes it is a song he sings, a murmur to the pines:

"Snoqualm, beloved, return, oh, return!"

[1] Thunder. [2] Demon.

(82) "He floats in his canoe across the shimmering waters."

Again he thinks she hides from him in a jest, and in a gay mood he babbles to the waters:

"Snoqualm, Laughing Face, amidst the white foam, return, oh, return!"

And again he shrieks aloud and storms to the mountains:

"Snoqualm, hide not behind ice peaks; return, oh, return!" and ever the answer is but that of the echo spirit:

"Return, oh, return!"

THE COMING OF SEEGWUN

AN OJIBWAY TALE

A LODGE was beside a mighty stream. Beyond were fir trees with cones upon them. They stood black against the sunset, and the sunset sky was crimson and gold. White were the pines, whiter the hillside. The hilltops were so white one could not tell them from the clouds. The voice of the stream was silent. The waters sang no longer, for they were as glass, cold and still.

Within the lodge sat an old man. He was very old and very lonely. His hair was like the snow-covered vines which hung from the forest trees. His face was pinched, for his fire was nearly out, and he was cold.

One day his tent flap was lifted, and a brave entered. He was young. His lips were red as blood, his cheek was smooth and pink, his eyes were bright as sunshine. His lips smiled. He walked quickly. No war bonnet was on his head, but a wealth of green leaves bound his brow. In his hand he carried no bow, no arrows, but a flower.

"It is you!" said the old man. "It is long since I saw you. Tell me where you have been and what you have seen. Stay with me through the night. I will relate to you all I have done, and what I am able to do. You do the same."

"I will do so," said the stranger, seating himself beside the dying fire.

"First we must smoke the pipe of peace together," said the old man. So he took an old and beautiful pipe and filled it and gave it to the young man, and they smoked together. Then the old man said:

"When I breathe with my breath upon the streams and rivers, they are still. They talk no more. The ripples of the waters are silent, they are stiff and still, hard as stone and smooth as glass."

"That is wonderful," said the young man, gently. "When I breathe my breath, it is so soft that flowers creep from beneath the ground and bloom in beauty."

"When I nod my head," said the white-haired one, "snows fall upon the earth. The brown leaves of autumn float from the trees. With my breath I blow them away. My breath chills the birds, and they fly southward. The animals fear, and hunt for themselves hiding places. The ground is hard and cold. I am terrible!"

"I am kind," said his guest. "When I nod my head, gentle rains fall, the earth is moist, green things spring up. Dew is upon the flowers, the birds fly home again and sing their sweetest songs in the greening groves. Streams babble and sparkle, and all earth is glad. I am kind."

The old man answered not. He seemed to sleep, and the young man said, "I will not awaken him;" and he too slept.

At last morning broke across the snowy hills, and they were rosy as young children after sleep. A blue-bird sang in the tree tops. A soft, warm air breathed over the land. With it there stole the scent of flowers. The young man woke and smiled. He heard the gurgle of the stream flowing past the lodge.

"Awake, old man," he cried. "Awake and see the beauty I have brought. Know you not that I am Seegwun, the spring?"

But the old man answered not. A long sigh broke from his lips; and as Seegwun looked he saw him fade away, and in his stead there grew a tiny flower, the *miskodeed*,[1] pink and white and beautiful.

"Now I know thee," cried Seegwun. "Thou art Pebran, the winter!" and a voice sighed through the lodge: "Farewell, O Seegwun, farewell."

[1] The Claytonia Virginica, always appearing just at the close of winter.

THE GIFT OF MONDAMIN[1]

AN OTTAWA LEGEND

It was in the long ago when the Living Statue dwelt in the islands of the great lakes. His people warred with the Iroquois and were driven from their lodges. And they fled from before their enemy, and went to dwell beside the lake of the Cut Ears. But Living Statue, who was a magician, stayed behind his people and dwelt upon the Manitou islands, which men call the Manitoulins.

There he kept watch for his people, that he might warn them when the Iroquois were nigh. He kept always by him two boys; and they paddled his canoe by day, and in the night each kept watch by turns, that the Iroquois did not take them by surprise. Each night they would beach the canoe and sleep in the woods.

One day Living Statue rose early and went to hunt. He went through the forest, but found no game. Then he came to a strange place in which he had never before been. There was a broad

[1] Corn.

plain, and as he went over it there sprang up in front of him a little man who wore a red feather on his head. Living Statue said:

"Where are you going? Stay and smoke the peace pipe with me." And they sat down and smoked together. Then the little man said to Living Statue:

"You are big and I am small. But my strength is great. Let us wrestle together for a trial of strength. But if I fall, say to me: 'I have your strength and mine. I have conquered.'"

They began to wrestle, and they wrestled long. Living Statue was surprised to find how strong the little man was. At last Living Statue threw the little man to the ground and cried out, "I have conquered!"

To his surprise, the little man could not be found. He looked and looked, but he could find no trace of him. But, in the place where he had been, there lay Mondamin, an ear of corn. It was crooked, and at one end there was a red tassel; and it looked like the little man with the red feather.

Then a queer little voice came from the ground, and it said: "Living Statue, take off my robe. Strip it off until only my skin is left. Pull all my

(89) "They began to wrestle."

body in pieces, and throw it all over the field. Then break up the bones, and scatter them near the wood. Depart and return when the next moon is high in the heavens."

Living Statue did as he was bidden. Then he departed and went to his canoe. He did not return until the next moon; and when he did, he found the plain covered with a strange plant, and vines growing beside the forest.

Then the strange voice came to him from the ground: "Come again in the moon before the Moon of the Falling Leaf."

So when autumn came and the first red bloomed on the leaves of the maple, he went again to the plain. There, where he had wrestled with Red Plume, was a field of growing corn, every tassel in the wind like a flame of fire, and where he had thrown the bones of Mondamin grew great pumpkin vines.

Then the voice of the little man came again to him from the ground and said: "Make a fire, pull my ears from the stalk, and roast them in the ashes. Then eat them."

Living Statue made the fire and roasted the ears in the ashes. He ate them, and they were good. And Red Plume spoke again:

"Your strength was greater than mine. We wrestled and you overcame me. Had you not done so, you would have been destroyed. By your strength you have won this gift for all people."

Then was Living Statue glad, and he sought his people and brought them to live on the isles of Manitoulin. And ever the people of his tribe blessed him for the gift of Mondamin.

THE DAUGHTER OF TIOGAUGHWA

THE Oniata was the daughter of a great chief. He was Tiogaughwa, and he was proud that the Oniata was his child. She was as beautiful as the morning and sweet as the moonlight. They called her White Lily, and no maiden of the tribe was so fair. Her cheek was not dark like that of the Indian maidens. It was pale as moonlight, and upon it was the blush of the wildwood rose. Her voice was as the song of birds in the birches, and her laugh was like the ripple of water over the cool, white stones. She was as good as she was fair, and her voice stilled men's anger, her palm drove away sickness. So beautiful was she and so good that at last men whispered that she was a messenger from the Great Manitou to teach people to be good, that they might go to the Happy Hunting Grounds, where all was happiness and light.

The Oniata had many lovers. From far and near they came to gaze upon her beauty, of which the fame had gone abroad among the tribes.

They brought her wampum and many robes; they searched the forests for rare skins and birds' feathers and laid all at her feet. But to all her answer was the same.

"I can go with no chief, though he be great. I must tarry ever in the lodge of my father."

She smiled upon none, but this only made the braves the more anxious to win her. They crowded about her father's lodge. They came from far-distant villages just to gaze upon the Oniata. And when they had seen her, they returned not home. Even such as had wives in their lodges came not to them again; for the strange, sweet spell of the daughter of Tiogaughwa was upon them, and for her they forgot all else.

Thus it was until one day in the Moon of the Falling Leaf. Strange forms gathered near the lodge of Tiogaughwa, and where burned the council fire of the tribe were many people. There were women and maidens from all the nations around. Maidens fair and lithe and slender, women with the beauty of motherhood upon their faces. They had left their lodges and come over far trails, and here they held council.

Five of their number, the wives of great chiefs, were sent to ask Tiogaughwa and the other chiefs

of the village to come to the council. These came, though wondering much and in some displeasure.

As they seated themselves in the council ring, a weird chant of sorrow rose upon the women, such a chant as is sung by an Indian woman over the body of a dead brave. After it came the mournful notes of a deserted maiden's lament for a lost lover. Then arose from her seat the wife of one of the chiefs, a woman tall and beautiful, though sad of face.

"Great chiefs and brothers," she said with dignity, "the hearts of the Indian women are sore. In our wigwams the papoose hungers and there is no meat. Old men and young boys have shot the arrows that we might eat, but there is not enough, and our children die. For many the death song has risen to the Great Spirit. So our hearts droop within us.

"Are we no longer fair? Why is it that our braves come no more to us? We have been faithful. The lodge fires burn, the smoke arises through the smoke holes. Why is it that we must cover our faces with our robes and send to the Great Spirit the song of shame, sung by wives whose husbands have left them deserted?

"Our maidens smile no longer. No braves come

to them to seek their smiles. Why should they braid their hair and wear garlands of flowers? No one comes to woo them. Are they no longer beautiful? See!" and she waved her hand around the circle of dark and lovely maidens and wives. "It is not because of these that our hearts are full of unhappiness. It is because of the Oniata!" Her voice rose to a sorrowful wail.

"The Oniata, the Beautiful One, the White Lily, she has bewitched our braves! For her smile alone they live. About her lodge they lie like men upon whom the plague spirit has breathed. They have no longer smiles for us. We are deserted. Waunopeta, wife of Torwauquanda, comes to tell you this. We wait no longer by deserted firestones, for our spirits are sad and we would go to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I have spoken."

As she ceased, a sound came from the circle of men, and Tiogaughwa rose to speak, when suddenly there stood beside him the figure of his daughter.

"The Oniata!" burst from every tongue as men and women gazed at the lovely vision before them.

"I am the Oniata," she said simply. "She comes to bid you farewell. The White Lily asked

(96) "A woman tall and beautiful, though sad of face."

not for your braves. No one can say she took them from you. To each one she has given the same answer, 'The Oniata will dwell in the lodge of her father.' Braves followed her to the forest, to the stream, to her wigwam, but none can say he ever won smile or word or glance from the Oniata.

"Why are my sisters angry with the White Lily? The Great Spirit made her. She cannot change her face. If it pleases your braves, she cannot help it. He made her heart, and it is kind to you, not to your braves.

"But the Oniata wills not to make sadness, and she comes to say 'Farewell.' She goes from you that your braves may seek her no more, but may return to your lodges. Thus your maidens shall have husbands, your papooses shall have meat. The Oniata, the White Lily, bids you farewell. Farewell, great chiefs and braves. Farewell, oh my father —" she stretched forth her hand to Tiogaughwa. "The White Lily goes through the forest to the Great Beyond. The flowers of the forest she will kiss for you, and when you breathe their perfume, think of the Oniata. Farewell! I have spoken."

"My daughter has spoken well," said the old

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chief. "She will go to the long home that she may leave peace to her sisters."

With great sadness in his face he watched her until she passed out of sight. Then he returned to his lonely wigwam. And the Oniata, the White Lily, came no more to her home and her people. But her memory lived ever in their hearts, and all the flowers of the forest breathed of her beauty and sweetness, for them she kissed as she passed on her way to the Great Beyond.

NAPI AND THE FAMINE

A BLACKFOOT LEGEND

In the very long ago there was a famine in the land by the Milk River. Men hunted in vain for buffaloes. Leaves fell over all the deer trails. Children died, and in every place there was mourning. Sta-an[1] haunted every lodge. Then prayed the chief to Napi, the Creator, "Save us, or we perish from the earth!"

Napi heard. He came from the southland. Here he had made many birds, painting them in bright colors as pleased his fancy. He brought with him great handfuls of sweet grasses, and with these he made the Sweet Grass Hills, which all men may see. He heard the cry of his people and came from his rest in the hills.

"Who called Napi?" he asked.

"I called," said the chief. "Behold, we hunger. There is no meat. Gone are the elk from the forest. No buffaloes come to the prairie. We carry our bows unstrung. Our knives rust in their

[1] Ghosts.

sheaths. Tell me, why does Napi make his children that they may starve?"

"You shall not starve," said Napi. "Send with me your son, and we shall find game." So the chief sent his son with Napi.

They went a long way toward the sunset. But there was no game. The young chief prayed to Natos[1] and to Kokomikis[2] and their son Apisuahts;[3] and Napi said:

"Be patient!"

They went farther and farther, beyond the Sweet Grass Hills, and at last they saw a flowing stream and beside it a lodge.

"There is where lives the buffalo stealer," said Napi. "When one camps alone and shows not himself friendly, he has an evil heart. This man has hidden the animals from your people." Then Napi made himself into a little dog, and the young chief he turned into a stick. And the papoose of the buffalo stealer found them and cried to his mother:

"I have found a little dog."

"Take that stick and drive him to the lodge if you want to have him for your dog," said the mother. And he did. But his father was angry.

[1] The Sun. [2] The Moon. [3] The Morning Star.

"That is a bad dog. Drive him away," he said. "And the stick has an evil look."

"But I want the dog," said the papoose; and his mother said:

"I want the stick for a fine root puller." And the father said no more.

Then the boy and his mother went to the woods to pick berries, and while they were gone the man brought in a buffalo cow and prepared the meat. When the woman came back, he said:

"Cook the meat I have killed;" and she did. The boy gave some to the dog, but his father was angry again.

"Do not feed that dog. He is evil," he said. And Napi heard.

When it was dark and all slept, Napi changed himself and the chief's son back into men. And they ate of the buffalo meat, and Napi said:

"Do you not see that I was right? Is not this the man who keeps the meat from your people?"

The young man answered, "You are right."

Then Napi said, "In the morning you shall see." And he changed them back again, and they were dog and stick.

When Kokomikis slept and Natos came, the old woman arose and took the stick and said to her boy:

"I go to the woods to dig roots and gather berries. Come!"

The boy said, "I will come."

The dog ran ahead of him, barking, and the boy clapped his hands and was pleased. But soon he was sad, for the little dog was lost in the bushes and could not be found. And his mother was vexed, for when she wanted her stick to dig roots, it could not be found, either.

The dog had seen the mouth of a cave hidden in the bushes, and in it stood a buffalo. So he barked to the stick, and he ran into the cave; and the stick followed him, running along the ground like a serpent.

There were in the cave buffalo and elk and deer and all manner of game. The dog barked and drove them all out, and they covered the prairie. Then the old man was very angry.

"Why did you drive out my beasts?" he cried to his wife and boy.

"I did not!" said the squaw.

"I did not!" said the boy.

"Where is your dog?" asked the father.

"He ran into the bushes, and we cannot find him nor the stick," said the boy.

"He is in the cave. It is he who has done this,"

cried the father, more angry. "I told you he was an evil fellow. I will watch and kill him and break the stick as they come out of the cave."

But Napi heard and smiled to himself.

"He will not catch Napi nor his friend," he said. When, therefore, the last buffalo was running out of the cave, Napi called out to the stick:

"Curl up under the buffalo's long hair and ride out, or you will be broken."

This the stick did, while Napi held on to the long hair beneath the animal, and they were carried out in safety. And the old man searched through the cave, but he could not find them.

While the man was still in the cave, Napi changed himself into his own shape and the stick into the chief's son, and they drove all the buffalo to the camp of the chief. The people ran out to meet them with joy.

They drove a great band of buffalo to the *piscun*, but as they would enter a big gray bird flew up and croaked so that it frightened all the buffalo away. This it did every time they drove the buffalo near the *piscun*. And Napi knew that it was the Animal Stealer and that he had changed himself into a bird by magic.

Then Napi changed himself into an otter and lay

(104) "He tied him over the smoke hole."

down as if dead beside the river. Now the bird was very hungry, and when he saw the dead otter, he desired it. So he flew down to peck it, and Napi caught him by the leg and carried him to the camp. He tied him to the pole of a wigwam over the smoke hole. Here he was very unhappy; the smoke blew in his eyes and blackened his feathers, and his cries could be heard to the Sweet Grass Hills.

The people easily drove the buffalo into the *piscun*. And all had meat. But the bird grew poor in mind, and his feathers grew blacker and blacker; and at last his cries touched Napi's heart, for he said:

"Pity me, and let me go. You know me, that I see. But my wife and child starve. Let me go!"

Then Napi looked at him, and his glance was stern.

"I know you," he said. "But you know me not. You are that bad man who kept all the animals *cachéd*[1] that you and your wife and child might eat heartily while other wives and children starved.

"I am Napi. You sought to kill me; but no man can kill me! I am chief of all! I cannot die! Mountains, rivers, prairies, and all beasts I made. Go home, wretched one, and find your wife and

[1] Hidden.

child. Feed them; but hunt like a brave. Kill when you are hungry. Take only what you need and when you need, like others. Else you shall die."

The man was ashamed and went and did as Napi said. But since that day the feathers of all ravens have been black, as with smoke.

THE WONDERFUL DEEDS OF MANABOZHO

Once in the far-off time a manitou visited the earth and saw a maiden. He loved her and made her his wife. And to him she bore a son, and he was called Manabozho. He was a great warrior manitou, and the friend of men, because his mother was a human.

He went through the earth and gave men many things. Spears he gave them, and arrow flints, and he made them axes and taught them to set snares.

He gave four spirits of good in four places. The North Spirit was to bear to man snow and ice, so that he might follow game. The South Spirit bore maize and grain to eat. The Spirit of the West brought rain, and the East Spirit brought light.

Many other things did Manabozho, and they were wonderful.

A cruel serpent troubled the lodges of his people, and he set forth to slay it. He sent his arrows into it, but none killed. Then a woodpecker from a tree near by said:

"Shoot at his head, oh, Manabozho, then you may kill it." And he did. Then the serpent fell dead, and Manabozho was grateful to the woodpecker. He took some of the serpent's blood and rubbed it on the woodpecker's head.

"By that," he said, "shall all men know to all time that you have been a friend to Manabozho." And to this day the woodpecker wears the red tuft upon his head.

There was a wolf who was lodge brother to Manabozho. One day he went forth and returned no more, and Manabozho mourned, for he loved him. So he followed his tracks to the Big River; and he asked a kingfisher if he had seen a wolf pass that way.

The bird answered, "Yes, oh, Manabozho, he passed to the river, and the great serpents have him below the water."

"Thank you," said Manabozho. "In token of my gratitude wear this," and he gave him a wampum string about his neck. And the kingfisher wears the white spot to this day.

So Manabozho made war upon the serpents of the Big River, and he wounded the chief of them, but he himself fell into the water. Then came a great deluge of water. He climbed a tree and

commanded it to grow high enough to keep him out of the water. And the tree grew as high as the sky.

"I can grow no higher," it cried. And the water rose and rose until it reached Manabozho's chin. Then it went down. As it became lower, Manabozho saw a loon perched in the tree branches. And he said, "Dive, my brother, and bring me some earth out of which I may make a new world."

Then the loon dived into the water, but it came not back, only Manabozho saw its lifeless body rise up to the surface and float away. And he was sad.

Still the waters went down. At length he saw quite near him in the tree a water rat.

"Little brother," he said, "dive down and bring me some earth." The water rat dived deep and came up with a little earth in his claw. But the breath had left his body. Manabozho took the earth from him, but first he breathed into his body his own breath, and the beast lived. Then Manabozho made a new earth, and all the animals and birds he created again, and there was no more deluge.

Now Manabozho when he walked took steps eight leagues long, and he was so vain that he thought he could do anything in all the world. He was a great boaster, and he said he could do everything.

(110) "Little brother, dive down and bring me some earth."

"No," said an old Indian passing by, "you cannot do what that papoose can," and he pointed to a baby lying with its toe in its mouth.

"I can do that because I can do all things," cried the boaster, and he lay down to show that he spoke truth. Alas! no matter how hard he tried, the toe would not reach his mouth. He grew angry, but the Indian laughed. And for that Manabozho turned him into a cedar tree.

Now the Indian was a friend of Pauppukkeewis, who dwelt near the Gitchigume, and Pauppukkeewis was angry with Manabozho, so he laid a trap for him. And it was this wise.

It was winter, and there was a storm. Wind was so fierce that Pauppukkeewis was not able to get meat or fish, for Wind had brought Snow, and Snow had brought Ice, and they had made tepees about the Great Water. Within these some manitous had lodged, and they were good manitous and friendly to Pauppukkeewis. So he asked them:

"How can I get food?" and they answered:

"If you do just as we command, you shall have much meat."

"I will do it," he said.

"Bring a sack," they said. "Fill it here before our tepee with ice and snow. Carry it toward your

lodge, but do not look back. When you reach your lodge, drop before it your sack. Sleep through the night, and in the morning you will find in your sack something to eat."

Pauppukkeewis did just as he was told. He filled his sack and took it away. He did not look back, though voices called to him and screamed, "Thief! thief! Stop! stop!"

Next day he found his sack filled to the brim with most delicious fish; his breakfast was good. Its scent was savory, and it reached the nostrils of Manabozho as he wandered hungry over the snows, seeking food.

"Tell me how to get such fish," he said. And Pauppukkeewis told him of the manitous of the great snow tepees.

"Go and ask them; they are kind," he said.

"I will go," Manabozho answered.

Then Pauppukkeewis smiled, for he said to himself:

"He has too curious a mind. He will never carry that sack and not look back." And so it was. For when Manabozho heard the mocking voices crying, "Thief, stop! You are stealing from Kabibonokka. Stop!" he was angry.

"Who dares speak thus to Manabozho?" he de-

manded in a rage, and he turned to strike. But he saw no one.

The next day when he opened his sack, it was empty. Pauppukkeewis laughed, and Manabozho vowed vengeance. But he found no way to punish Pauppukkeewis, and that brave grew bolder. Being the foe of Manabozho's chickens, as he called the birds of the air, he entered Manabozho's lodge and wrung the neck of Kahkahgee,[1] bird much beloved of Manabozho. Then he turned himself into Yenadzze[2] and upset the lodge and flew away to the mountains. There he slew Manabozho's mountain chickens until one flew to Manabozho and cried:

"Pauppukkeewis is killing my brothers, O Manabozho." Then Manabozho hurried to the mountain and Pauppukkeewis flew before him. He broke trees and shattered rocks and threw clouds of dust in Manabozho's eyes. Manabozho could never pass a broken tree or rock without making it whole again, so he failed to catch Pauppukkeewis, who escaped into a great cliff where a rock manitou gave him hiding.

Then Manabozho hurled thunderbolts and arrows of fire at the cliff, and at last they pierced the rock

[1] The Raven. [2] Storm Fool.

and Pauppukkeewis was dead. He could not of himself go into a new form by magic, because he was in human form when he died; therefore Manabozho was avenged, and he said:

"Pauppukkeewis, you may never again dwell upon the earth because you have done ill to my chickens. You must now be an eagle, chief of all birds, but you must hereafter watch over all feathered ones." And thus was Manabozho avenged.

And these and many other things he did in the land of the falling snow, in the time of the very long ago.

THE SPIDER WOMAN'S MISTAKE

A HOPI LEGEND

In the very long ago Hurning Wahti dwelt in the sea. Her *kiva*[1] had a ladder leading to it, and on this ladder was a gray foxskin and a yellow foxskin. Her *kiva* was in the east, but another Hurning Wahti lived in the west.

Every morning Sun would dress in a gray foxskin and pass through the east *kiva* and rise from the water; and it would be the white dawn. Then he would lay aside the gray foxskin and wear a yellow foxskin; and it would be the golden dawn. Then Sun would smile, and his smile was the light of day. Then he would travel westward above the waters. When he grew tired he would enter the west *kiva*, and he would pass through it and travel under the water until he reached the east *kiva* again.

This he did every day and every night until he grew weary.

"I tire of seeing nothing but water," he said to Hurning Wahti.

[1] Wigwam.

"Then I will speak to my sister and we will make land," she said. And they did. Land came through the water, and every day Sun went from east to west and saw the land and smiled upon it. But at last he grew weary again.

"There is nothing upon the land," he said. "I smile and smile, and it does no good; there is no one to see." Sun was a vain fellow. Then Hurning Wahti said:

"I will speak to my sister, and we will make things." So she went upon a rainbow to the west *kiva* to see her sister, and they talked together.

"Let us make a flying creature," said Hurning Wahti of the east *kiva*. "It will fly over the land and up to Sun, and he will smile."

"We will do so," said the sister. Then they took a piece of clay and shaped it until it looked like a wren. They laid it upon the ground and covered it up warm with a piece of cloth, and sang above it. In a little while the cloth moved, and they saw that the bird lived. Quickly they removed the cloth, and a little bird came forth.

"What do you want me to do?" he chirped.

"Fly over the land and come back and tell us if there is any living thing which Sun has not seen," they commanded. So he flew up into the sky.

He found no one upon the earth, not a living creature; and he came back and told Hurning Wahti. Then the two spirit goddesses made many more birds and covered them. They made different birds and sang to them different songs. The birds moved and were uncovered and sang many songs; and they flew over all the earth. Then Hurning Wahti said to her sister:

"Let us make creatures that go on land, since the birds are so good."

Her sister answered, "Yes, we will do it!"

So they made animals and placed them under the cloth and sang the life song again. The animals moved and came forth, and asked:

"What do you want with us, O Hurning Wahti?"

"We want you to dwell upon the earth," answered Hurning Wahti of the east *kiva;* and she taught them each the language they should use.

The animals roamed the earth and were happy. The earth was full of the songs of birds and the gambols of young animals, and Sun smiled upon them. But he was not yet satisfied, and he came to Hurning Wahti of the east *kiva.*

"Lo," he said, "I reign in the blue, and the day light and the night light are under my command. But these birds and these beasts are all alike, one

to another. Make something greater than they to rule over them."

Then Hurning Wahti said, "I will do it."

She sent for her sister of the west *kiva*, and they talked together. Long they talked, and then they took clay and made it into figures. First they made the figure of a man, then the figure of a woman. They placed them under the cloth and sang the life song over them. Then the figures came forth and walked, as the beasts had done. But they held their heads upright, not looking at the earth.

Then the two sisters made tablets of stone and traced strange signs upon them and gave them to the man and the woman.

"This is your language," they said.

"But we cannot read it," said the man and the woman.

"See, thus shall you be taught," replied Hurning Wahti, and she rubbed the palm of the man's hand over the tablets, and then the palms of the woman's hands against them. Then the two took the tablets and understood them; and Hurning Wahti set them upon a rainbow and said to them:

"Go now to the earth and find a place in which you wish to live." Which they did.

(119) "All found husbands but one."

They made for themselves a *kiva* and lived happily together. Then Hurning Wahti made many pairs of men and women, and they dwelt upon the earth.

Spider Woman saw them, and she said to herself, "I will make men and women, also."

She made men, and then she made women, and then she found that she had made one more woman than she had men.

"Go forth quickly," she said to the women. "Seek the earth. There are men there who have no wives. Find them, and they will be husbands for all of you but one. That one will have to go without a husband."

The women fled quickly to earth, and all found husbands but one. She hid her face in her blanket and wept upon the *mesa*.[1] And from that time to this there have always been old maids, for there are always more women than men, so some women have no husbands.

[1] Plain, meadow.

THE MAGIC PORCUPINE QUILLS

A LEGEND OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Two sisters dwelt in a village beside the great lake. They were called Flying Moose and Blue Hair. They were the swiftest runners in the tribe, swifter even than all the young men.

When a message was to be taken to the next village, which was two suns away, the sisters could carry it before Snoqualm[1] rose in the blue. The trail was hard; it lay through the forest, and there were bears in the forest. There were swollen streams to cross in the month of the Crescent Moon, and fallen trees in the month of the Falling Leaves, and Storm and Wind were abroad when the time of the winter was upon them.

Still the sisters followed the trail more swiftly than any one else. The old chief trusted them with his messages and gave them wampum; and he praised them much. This was not good, for it is not good for maidens to be much praised. It makes them think themselves as great as men, and this is wrong.

[1] The moon.

Flying Moose and Blue Hair grew hard of heart. Whenever a brave asked one of them in marriage, she laughed and taunted him, "Catch me!" When he could not do so, she would laugh again; and he would go away angry.

This did not please their father, and he said:

"No good will come to you." But the chief liked them, for they carried his messages swiftly.

One day, when the sun was coming up red from the great water, he called to them in haste.

"Hasten to the next village," he said. "Take this to Chief Mato;" and he gave them a token. "Hasten, for Wazuyah[1] breathes in the air, and my message is important."

"We shall be there before the sun sets," they said, as they tightened their moccasin straps and drew their robes about them.

They ran with swift, noiseless steps over the frozen ground. Their doeskin moccasins scarcely made a sound; and they laughed together.

"We shall be there long before night," said Blue Hair, boastingly.

"Yes, we need not hasten so at first," her sister made answer.

"See that fallen tree," said Blue Hair. "There

[1] God of the Cold North.

are porcupine tracks leading to it. Let us drive out the little beast;" for she was of an evil heart. Her sister, too, was cruel and loved not the little brothers of the woods. So the two took sticks and poked at the hollow tree trunk until out ran the little animal. He was in great terror, and his quills rattled with fright and anger.

"We will pull out those quills that rattle in so ugly a fashion," cried Blue Hair; so she and her sister caught the porcupine and pulled out his quills. All but the little quills in his tail they pulled out, and these they did not see. Then they let him go.

They started on, for it was later than they thought, and they were cold. The sun was overhead, but did not warm them. Neither did their running. For Wind blew bitter blasts, and Snow spit in their faces, and everything seemed to have words and to scream to them, "Cruel! Cruel!" Wind and Snow and all the Spirits of the Air were friends of the little Animal Brother, and they were angry that the runners had been unkind to him.

The porcupine crept up a tree and whispered to the bare branches. The branches whispered to Wind, and Wind whispered to Snow, and Snow to the Great Manitou, the Air Spirit. The Air Spirit spoke to the Spirit of the Northeast:

"Send Snow," he said.

The Spirit of the Northeast said, "I will send it."

Then Blue Hair looked to the northeast, and she said to her sister:

"Snow comes. I fear it will overtake us."

"Faster!" cried Flying Moose; and they ran faster.

Then they heard the strange, rattling sounds.

"Hear the rattling of the wind," cried one.

"It sounds like the bones of dead braves," said the other, and fear clutched cold at her throat. But it was the porcupine shaking the rattles of his tail, for they were magic rattles. And every time he rattled them, Wind howled more and more, and Snow came faster and more fast.

Blue Hair and Flying Moose tried to hasten, but they could only walk. The snowflakes blinded their eyes; the deep drifts caught them.

"I can go no farther," said Flying Moose.

"Take courage," cried her sister, trying to drag her forward. "I hear the voices of the village. I see camp fires. We are almost there!"

But they never reached the village, for, alas! Flying Moose sank in the drift, and Blue Hair sank beside her, overcome. And as they sank lower and lower into the terrible whiteness, Wind

(125) "They heard the rattle of the magic porcupine quills."

whistled and shrieked above them, "Cruel! Cruel!" And as it closed above them, the awful whiteness breathed in their ears, "Cruel! Cruel."

And they heard through the storm the rattle of the magic porcupine quills.

HOW THE EVIL ONE WAS MADE

A LEGEND CURRENT AMONG THE NORTHWESTERN TRIBES

Manitou dwelt upon Metowoc, the smooth island. Here he made created things, and if they pleased him, he gave them life. If they pleased him not, he cast them upon the Place of Fragments.

Thus he made them. He placed four lumps of clay upon the ground and, moistening them with water, he shaped them. When they were finished, he laid them in the sun to dry and left them there many days. When the figure was quite dry, he opened a hole in its side and entered. Here he remained some days, and when he came out, the creature shook as if in pain, and it had life.

Many creatures the Great Manitou made. Some of them were small, but some of them were so large that the Great Manitou himself could not control them, for each had certain laws which controlled it, and the Great Spirit could not control the laws he had made.

One day Kitchi Manitou said to himself:

(128) "He took a lump of clay."

"I shall make a different creature from any I have ever made. I am tired of all."

He took a lump of clay and made two great feet, shaped like those of a panther. To these he fitted legs, and when he had made them walk, he was pleased, for the step was light and springy. He next made a body like the body of an alligator, covered with huge scales, but it was too heavy for the legs, and tipped forward. So he caught a black snake which he found gliding along through the trees and tied it to the creature for a tail · and this balanced the body.

Shoulders Kitchi Manitou made, rough and hairy like a buffalo's — a short, thick neck and a round head. The creature had eyes like a lobster, strong jaws and teeth, a nose of a vulture's beak, and porcupine quills for hair. He gave the creature hands, which he had never done before for any creature, and then he sat still to view his work.

It was night, and creeping things were abroad. A panther came and sniffed at the creature's feet, for they were like his own. An alligator stared at the strange body, and a snake glided about to look at the tail. All the other animals to whom the creature bore likeness passed by and gazed at it.

And Kitchi Manitou thought.

Long hours he sat with his face veiled, and then he said to himself:

"I am Kitchi Manitou, the Life Breather. Many creatures have I made like the beasts of the forest, but never one in my own image. Why do I not make such an one?"

As he thought, a bat flew through the night and lit with outstretched wings upon the creature's head. Then the Great Manitou took the life of the bat unto himself, and he placed the wings upon the head of the creature, and the weblike body he let fall over the forehead. The creature's mouth and chin were firm and strong, and it was very terrible.

Then Manitou put fire into the image, and it burned with a red glow. He breathed life into it, but only a little; and he commanded it to walk about the island. This it did, and its bearing was full of pride and very haughty. Then Manitou said to himself:

"I have made a mistake. I should not give this creature life. A shape with the limbs and form of beasts, yet with the hands of a manitou, should not live. It will do harm. I will use my power. It shall not live."

Therefore he cast it quickly into Roncommon, the Place of Fragments, and it lay there as dead

After a time the Breather of Life heard a noise, and it came from the Place of Fragments. He went there and looked, and behold! the creature he had made was sitting upright on the ground; and with its hands it was trying to make beasts of the broken pieces which were cast therein.

Kitchi Manitou was angry, and with a huge stone he closed the mouth of Roncommon.

"Now we shall have quiet in the Place of Fragments," he said to himself.

But he was mistaken. The noise grew louder and louder, the earth shook, animals from land and sea crowded in to see what was the noise, and all the manitous came to the island. Then the Great Manitou spoke:

"I have a creature like to the creatures of the earth and air and water, save that I gave him hands after my own fashion. I breathed life into him. Then I saw that he was not good, and I cast him forth into Roncommon. But the life I had given him I forgot to destroy. Therefore he lives."

As he spoke, there was heard the mighty roar of the Thunder Bird, and from the Place of Fragments fire broke through the ground. There was a sound of rushing waters, and lo! the creature burst from the depths of Roncommon.

Fire had fed his life, and he was strong. Terrible he was and evil, and every bird and beast and water creature fled in fright.

"Matchi Manitou!"[1] cried all the manitous, as they ran screaming away. And the face of Kitchi Manitou was very sad as he looked.

"Behold!" he said. "This is my work, the work of my hands. I have created the Evil Spirit."

[1] The Wicked Manitou.

THE STORY OF THE TWO WEASELS

A MICMAC FAIRY TALE

I

Once there lived in the great pine forest two Indian braves, — Team, the Moose, and Abistanoch, the Marten.

Team was a great hunter, and his wigwam was always full of meat. This pleased his grandmother, who dwelt with him. But Abistanoch was a lazy one whom all his neighbors called "*moalet*."[1] Wherever there was a feast, there he was sure to be, and often he had eaten of Team's meat. The grandmother of Team was angry at this.

"Give not to him," she said. "If no one gave, he would hunt for himself, which is what Manitou wishes all men to do."

When, therefore, Team killed a bear, he brought all he could carry home to his wigwam, and he said to his grandmother:

"Marten shall not have this meat; so tell no one that it is in my lodge."

[1] One who sponges upon his neighbor.

"You speak well," said the old woman. "No one shall know."

Now the old woman had broken her kettle, and had nothing in which to cook the bear meat, so she said to herself: "I will borrow Marten's kettle. He has a new one, and when I return it, I will wipe it very clean so he will not know what was in it."

This she did, but Abistanoch understood magic, and he knew that a kettle is borrowed that one may cook food in it. So, stealing quietly to Team's lodge, he looked in, and behold! the wigwam was full of bear meat. And he smiled and smacked his lips.

Next day the old woman returned the kettle, which she had washed with care. And as she entered the wigwam of Abistanoch, he rose and said, "Thank you for bringing me such excellent bear meat."

She began to explain that she had brought him nothing, when from the kettle arose a savory steam, and Marten uncovered it to show her that it was full of meat. And she was covered with shame.

Now it chanced that Marten, though not a great hunter, had two wives, both young and beautiful.

Team had none. So he asked Marten to give him one, but to this neither of the wives of Marten

would listen. This made Team angry, and he and Marten quarreled.

Every day they quarreled.

You have two wives; give me one," said Team, persuasively.

"Fish for your own minnows," said Marten, scornfully. Then Abistanoch took up his club, and Team raised his bow and shot through Marten's scalp lock. Yet this did not persuade him.

When the next day came, Team was yet more persistent.

"Give me one of those maidens," he said.

"Paddle your own canoe," said Abistanoch, rudely.

Team was very angry and took his tomahawk, while Abistanoch took a flint-headed arrow. Thus it continued every time they met until the two wives of Abistanoch grew weary.

They were fairy wives, and their name was Weasel. At last they determined to find a pleasanter home. They fled away through the forest, but Team and Marten knew it not, for they were quarreling as usual.

"Will you give me a wife?" Team said.

"Skin your own rabbits," Marten scornfully replied.

(136) "Team raised his bow."

So the fairy wives ran away, and all day they fled, until the Night Spirit called through the forest, and they were afraid. They hid themselves in a woodland glade beside a little stream where the leaves of the trees were thick overhead. In the stream they could see the stars shining brightly.

"If you were a star maiden," said the elder, "which star would you choose for your mate?"

"I should choose P'ses'muk, the Red," answered the younger. "For he twinkles so brightly that I know he is gay and full of laughter, and has not a heart full of murder and hate."

"I should choose the great shining one with the gleaming eyes," said the first fairy. "I love large stars, and he is great. I care not how fierce he may be." Then they both fell asleep.

II

The spirit who punishes unfaithful wives heard all that the fugitives said, and he was angry. "They shall be punished," he said and frowned.

When they awoke, therefore, the fairies found that their wishes had come true. Each one was star wife to the one of her choice. And the great yellow star was a terrible warrior, whose eyes

gleamed fiercely, and who cried to her as she timidly touched his face:

"Be careful! You will spoil my war paint!"

She looked to see how her sister was faring, but she was no better off. Her husband, the red star, was no fierce warrior, but a cross little old man. He was very feeble, and she had to wait upon him. Thus things went on in Star Land until the fairies were very sad and wished to return home. But they knew not how. They wished so the more after the day when they disobeyed their husbands. For their Star husbands had forbidden them to lift a certain large white stone which lay on the ground near the lodges, and for a while they obeyed. But one day when the Great Shining One and the Little Red One had gone together to hunt, the younger fairy could no longer endure her curiosity.

"I must see why I may not lift the white stone," she cried. Then she ran to it, and tugged at it with all her might. When it moved, she looked and looked. At first she laughed and clapped her hands in glee, and then she wept and wept. Thereafter the fairy wives were very sad. They wept and would not be comforted. The Great Shining One and the Little Red One knew by magic that they had moved the stone, and, being

kind at heart, they felt sorrow for them. So they said one day:

"You are not happy here. We want not wives who are disobedient. Therefore we give you leave to return to earth, but only if this time you obey us. You shall sleep through the night, and when morning comes, you shall not open your eyes. You must wait, for you are of a restless nature. First you will hear the song of the chickadee, but do not open your eyes. Then you will hear the ground squirrel, but do not arise. After that, the quick chirp of the red squirrel will be heard, but you must still be quiet. At last, when you hear the note of the striped squirrel, rise up and look!"

Both promised obedience and slept that night full of impatience. Morning broke, and the song of the chickadee awoke them. The younger fairy said, "I must arise!"

"Not so!" cried her more quiet friend. "We must await the squirrel."

So they waited yet awhile, and as the red squirrel chirped, the impatient fairy cried, "I will go!" but her friend clutched her and said yet again:

"Wait! let us hear Abalkakmooech!"[1] She waited a moment, but then quickly, before her

[1] The striped squirrel.

sister could stop her, she sprang away from her side, while Adoo-doo-deck[1] still chattered. Up she jumped and gave such a cry that the older fairy sprang up, too.

They had got back to earth, as the stars had promised; but alas! it did them little good. For they were in the very top of the very highest pine, and there was no way to get down.

Each animal which had sung had brought them a little nearer to the earth, and had they but waited and obeyed, they would have been safe on the ground. They looked at each other and wept. They called to every animal that passed beneath the tree, and begged it to help them; but all were busy and would have nothing to do with them. And they wept again.

At last came Lox the Wolverine, the wicked one, and even to him the Weasels cried, "Good Lox, take us down."

"I will take you down," said Lox, "if you will come to my lodge."

"We will come to your lodge if you wish," said the older fairy; "or we will build lodges for you." This she said because she had thought of a plan by which they could escape him.

[1] The red squirrel.

"Very well," said Lox. "You shall build me a lodge."

"Take down my sister first," said the older fairy; "she can never wait;" and this Lox did. And while he took down the younger one, the elder one was busy. She took her *saggalobee*,[1] which all Indian women wear and which is full of magic, and tied it in many knots among the branches. Then, when Lox had taken her down, she said:

"I pray you, good Lox, bring me my hair string which I have left above there. But do not break it, for in it lies my good fortune."

Lox patiently untied the knots, and while he did so the two maidens built him a wigwam, and certain strange friends of theirs helped them. The wigwam was full of strange things. It had briers and thorns and burs within. Hornets nested there, and ants toiled about the floor. For with all these mean creatures the Weasels were good friends.

When Lox came down from the tree, it was dark, for the knots had taken long to untie; and he was angry.

"Is this your lodge?" he said. "Out of my way, and let me enter."

[1] Hair string.

The fairies stood aside to let him enter, and the elder said: "We have kept our word. We have built the lodge. Shall we enter, also?"

He pushed them rudely aside from the door flap, and said, "No! I shall enter alone."

Then he stamped in, and the thorns struck his face, and the thistles pricked his feet. He fell upon flints and the ants bit him, and as he struck in fury at the sides of the wigwam, he struck the hornets' nest. He roared with rage. But while he was roaring, the Weasels ran away through the woods, laughing as they ran.

They ran all night, and when dawn came over the mountains, they found themselves on the edge of a broad river. As they were looking for some way to cross, they saw Tum-gwo-lig-unach,[1] the ferryman, and the younger Weasel said, "How shall we persuade him to carry us across?"

"I have bears' oil to smooth every one's locks," said the elder, and she began to sing:

"Mr. Crane has a beautiful long neck!"

This she sang over and over. The crane heard, and stretched his neck to see who sang such pleasant words. He saw the maidens, and they smiled and sang again;

[1] The Crane.

"The crane's legs are long and beautiful!
His feathers are long and fine!
His form is finest of all!"

The crane thought he had never seen such sensible maidens!

"Will you ferry us across," they asked, — "you of the beautiful form and legs and feathers?"

"Yes, I will," the crane answered.

He carried them across quickly, but none too quickly. For Lox reached the river just as they were safely across. He was very angry. He was too angry to be polite, which is not wise.

"Carry me over the river, Crooked Legs!" he called to the crane.

The crane was displeased at so rude an address. "Are my feathers not soft?" he asked.

"Soft as an arrow head of flint," said Lox. Then he laughed loudly and sang:

"The crane has flintlike feathers,
Soft as an arrowhead of stone,
Oh, flintlike feathers, oh!"

Then was Tum-gwo-lig-unach in great rage, but he said not a word. He took Lox on his back and turned toward the other side of the river.

Lox called to the Weasels, whom he had seen

hiding in the forest: "Ah, ha! soon I shall have you!"

The fairy maidens shook with fear, but the crane said: "Wicked One of the Ugly Tongue, you have them not!" and with that, having come to the deepest part of the river, he cast Lox from him.

The bad fellow tumbled into the rapids and was carried down the stream. The fairy maidens saw him no more; and they returned to their own lodges, for they had wandered enough.

THE HUNTER WHO TRAPPED THE SUN

THERE was once a hunter who never failed in his aim. Whenever he drew bow, his arrow sped straight to the mark. There was never buffalo or moose, elk or deer, that did not meet its fate when it saw the arrow of Tadota, for thus the Indians called the hunter.

With his traps, too, he was always lucky, but once he trapped more than he wished, and this is the story:

One day he saw a frisky squirrel in a tree. It was lying along a branch in the sun, and the hunter aimed his bow at it to kill. In this he did wrong, for he did not need to eat the squirrel. He needed neither food nor cover, only he liked so much to shoot that he could not help shooting at every good mark. But the God who takes care of the little brothers of the woods, and will not let them be killed unless they are needed for the life of man, saw and was angry. He made the foot of the hunter strike against the dry leaves, and they made a

crackling sound. The little squirrel sprang up. It saw the hunter and his bow and arrows, and it gave a flying leap from the tree. Thus the arrow missed it, and the little animal fled away. The hunter was angry.

"To-morrow I will come again," he said. "I will set a trap for the squirrel, and it shall not escape a second time."

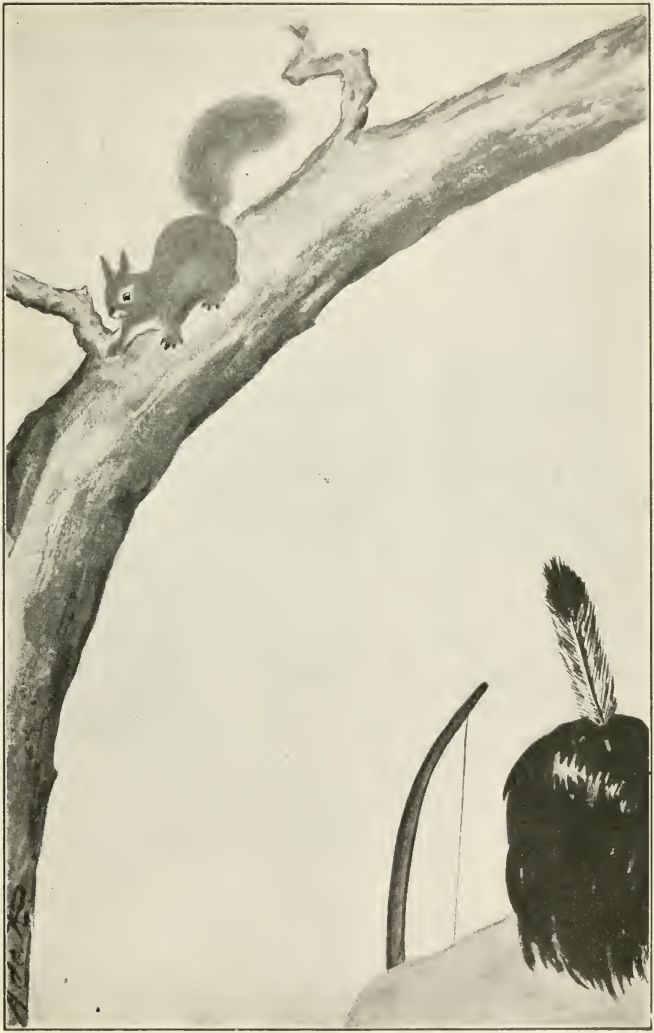
So he set a trap, and it was a marvelous trap from which no squirrel could ever escape. In the old tree he set it, and it was strong. Then he went back to his lodge for the night.

When morning came the next day, Sun rose in his glory.

"I must go all around the earth," he said. "I must greet my friends. First of all, I must see how fares my little friend, the squirrel, who lives in the old tree. For he is my very good friend."

So Sun went to the old tree, but he did not find the squirrel, although he looked and looked. He even peeped into the trap, and then, lo! a strange thing happened. Over all the earth spread darkness. It was black as night. For the trap had closed down on Sun, and he was caught within it. And all the people mourned and were afraid.

"Who has done this?" they cried. "Some one



(147) "One day he saw a frisky squirrel in a tree."

has wrought evil, and Manitou is angry and has taken the Sun god from us." The squaws and the children wailed aloud: "A-a-a-a-a-e-e-e-e-i-i-i-e! We fear! Manitou is angry!"

The chiefs and the braves sat silent in their lodges. All was darkness. None could come forth to hunt. And all the people hungered. Then was Tadota sore afraid.

"Behold what I have done!" he said to himself, for he feared the wrath of the people if he spoke aloud. "My heart was evil. I tried to trap that which I did not need, and Manitou is angry. He has withdrawn his light, and all my people suffer." Then he left his lodge. He walked proudly, but his heart quaked, for the darkness was full of dread and not like the darkness of the night. He went to the forest, and there he met Chapa, the beaver.

"Will you unfasten the trap in the old tree?" asked Tadota. "You will earn two rewards. Sun will bless you for setting him free, and I will promise you never to kill a beaver till I go to the Sand Hills."

"I will unfasten it," said the beaver. "And I know you will keep your promise and that my people shall be safe from the arrows of Tadota."

Then Chapa went to open the trap, but alas!

Sun had burned him up, and of him nothing was left but ashes.

The hunter was sad, but next he asked the bear.

"Ugh!" said Mato, the bear. "I will open the trap, and all the bears will sing my name until the day when you travel to the Sand Hills." But the bear, too, was made ashes by Sun's anger. Tadota then asked He-ha-ka, the elk, and Kan-ger, the raven, and Shungela, the fox, but all of them were afraid, because they had seen the ashes of Chapa and Mato over the prairie.

"Go yourself," said the foe. "It was your doing. Skin your own skunks!" for the fox had anger against Tadota because once he had killed Shungela's mate.

Most of all, Gray Squirrel laughed at Tadota. He knew the trap was meant for him. Then Tadota was angry, and despair covered him like the darkness of the day. He sat down beneath the old tree where Sun was entrapped. His face he covered with his robe, and he said, "Ai! ai! aiee!"[1] Then he sat in silence. And into the silence came a small voice.

"Brother! Why cry you 'Ai! ai! aiee!'" He looked quickly and saw a little mole.

[1] Alas!

"I cry, alas! because my evil heart has brought blackness upon my people," he said; and he told the mole of the entrapped Sun.

"I will try to release him," said the mole. "Perhaps I, too, will fail and be burned to ashes. But I will try, because once you were kind and saved my children when a dog chased them, and I have a grateful heart."

"I shall wear the mole for a totem forever," said Tadota, "and every mole shall be my forest brother."

Then the little mole crept softly, softly up the tree. His little sharp white teeth he set in the cord which bound the trap. Nibble, nibble he went, and at last the cord gave way. Sun burst forth in all his might. He was full of great wrath, and he blazed as he streamed across the land. And the poor little mole was scorched in the fierce heat, but Tadota grasped him quickly away so that he was not burned to ashes. But his eyes were blinded so that never again could he see very well.

Tadota's heart was sad, but the mole said:

"Do not grieve, brother; I live in the ground. It is dark down there, and I do not need sharp eyes."

Tadota took the mole for his totem, and the moles were his forest brothers. And the moles have always had weak eyes from that day to this.

THE LAST PEACEMAKER QUEEN

A SENECA LEGEND

Open was the path to Kienuka, for the red children of the forest kept the trail well worn. Genetaska dwelt there, and she was the peacemaker queen. Minnehaha, the Laughing Water, came to her by night and whispered wisdom to her, and her wisdom was great. So great was it that she had been chosen peacemaker queen, as had been said by the great chief Hiawatha before his death. And she dwelt in the peace lodge in the forest.

She was as sweet as the breath of spring, and as gentle as a summer cloud. The sick she cared for; the sad she comforted; the angry she calmed. When angry youths came, hot-headed and wrathful, she spoke to them so gently and looked so sweetly that they were ashamed, and quite forgot their quarrel. And peace reigned, for all who would clip the wings of the peace bird fled to the peace queen's lodge and were stilled.

One day there were hot words before the lodge of Genetaska, and she looked forth from the lodge

door in displeasure. There she saw two braves, one from the red men of the Oneida, the other an Onondaga.

"Enter," she said. "Braves may not quarrel here." They entered the peace lodge; the peace queen seated herself upon her couch, and the two braves stood before her.

The Onondaga was tall and strong, a great chief. The Oneida was straight as a young pine. His eyes were like an eagle's, keen and bright. The peace queen looked at the Onondaga, but her eyes drooped before the gaze of the Oneida. Then she spoke, and her voice was as the tinkling of a crystal waterfall.

"What is wrong with my brothers? From the peace lodge men must go forth without quarrel. Speak, O brave chief of the Onondaga." And the Onondaga spoke.

"Peace queen, I speak truth. Trailing in the forest, my arrow struck a buck. As I drew near to skin and take him, this brave came through the trees to say that it was his arrow which gave the death wound. We quarreled, but made a trial of skill with arrows and with tomahawks. Then neither was the better man, and so we came hither. I have spoken."

Then Genetaska turned to the Oneida.

"What my brother says is true, O peace queen," he said. "I shot the buck, for my arrow lay nearest his body. Then I said, 'Let us fight, and he who wins may take buck and scalp lock.' But the Onondaga said: 'No; we must remember the words of the great chief Hiawatha. Old men have spoken them into my ears, and they are good. For he said, When two hunters of the Five Nations shall be angry and quarrel in the forest, let them seek the peace queen in her lodge. Let us not fight. Let us seek the peace lodge at Kienuka.' So we have sought you, and I am glad." He was silent, and Genetaska spoke.

"Chief of the Onondaga," she said, "you have done well. Take half of the buck and bear it to your wife and papoose. The buck is large; there is enough."

"Peace maiden," said the older man, "I will obey. I will give the meat to the poor of my tribe, for my own lodge is empty. The plague took away my beloved to the Sand Hills. None have I seen to fill her place until I saw the peacemaker. Will she come to my lodge and sit beside my fire?"

Then the eyes of the Oneida flashed fire, and

it seemed as though there would be another quarrel for the peacemaker queen to settle, but she silenced him with a look.

"Many maidens there are who would gladly cook venison by the fire of the Onondaga," she said. "Seek them elsewhere than in the lodge at Kienuka. Genetaska is chosen by the tribes to be peace queen. She may never be wife to any man. Go in peace." Then the Onondaga chief bowed his head and was silent. The Oneida brave held his head proudly.

"The son of the Oneidas," he said, "is alone in his wigwam. He has seen no maiden he wished in his lodge until he saw Genetaska." And she answered him:

"Genetaska may go to no man's lodge. Be friends with your enemy, and go in peace."

Then were the two braves friends, and they departed. Peace was between them. But peace was not within the breast of the peace queen. For ever in her ears she heard the voice of the Oneida, and before her eyes ever was his face.

The summer passed. Many came to the peace lodge, and the peace maiden's word settled their quarrels. Men went from her lodge with calm faces and with peace in their hearts. But though

the brow of Genetaska was calm, there was no peace in her breast. Ever before her was the face of the Oneida; his voice was ever in her ears.

Then came the Moon of the Falling Leaf. Red were the maples upon the hilltops, brown the oaks in the valley, golden the setting sun, silver the light of the moon. Genetaska sat alone in her lodge; for peace seemed to brood over the land, and there were no more quarrels. As she sat and dreamed, lo! he stood before her, the lord of her dreams. For a moment he spoke not, and she thought it was but her dream. Then he opened his mouth, and to her ears his voice was as the voice of rippling waters.

"To the peace maiden, greeting! No longer is she peace queen, for she has stirred trouble within the heart of the Oneida. Only she may calm it. Far, far away from here I made my wigwam. Far, far beyond the going of the Five Nations I built it. Huge trees grow behind it; waters ripple past its door; soft robes fill it and much corn. But it is lonely, for the Seneca maiden will not come to it; though she loves the Oneida brave, yet will she not come.

"Think you that your place cannot be filled? The Nations will choose another peace queen when

you are gone. Let them choose. Within the lodge of the Oneida no one may bring peace but Genetaska. Will you go thither to the lodge in the forest? Will you go?"

Then Genetaska looked at her lover, so strong and bold, and her heart spoke.

"I will go," she said.

"It is good," he answered.

Then they went forth from the peace lodge. She entered the canoe of the Oneida, and the great river bore them toward the sunset. Her people knew her no more.

When darkness came, two that had quarreled came to the peace lodge, and, finding there the door set wide, they entered. No form sat on the peace couch; there was no gentle word to calm their angry thoughts. Then they fell one upon the other and fought with hunting knives until both fell with many wounds; and beside the peace couch they died, and there was blood upon it.

Men came and found them there, but Genetaska they found not. Neither found they again the peace she had brought to the Senecas.

Anger was in men's hearts that the peace queen had left them for the Oneida. Thorns grew upon the four paths that led to the peace lodge, the paths

(157) "The great river bore them toward the sunset."

which came from the four winds of heaven and which once were worn with the tread of many braves. No fire fed upon the pine knots; no smoke came from the smoke hole. Ill birds flew about it, and wild animals made their lair within. The Great Spirit was angry with his people. Because of the broken vows of the peace queen, blood was upon the peace lodge, and forevermore it was desolate.

THE COMING OF KI-KI

One time in the long ago, the Maker, who is called Doak-a-batl, walked below, and he liked not at all the way in which his people lived. For they dwelt like wolves in hollow trees, or in holes in the ground, or in caves by the river Sko-ko-mish.

"You must not live like beasts," said Doak-a-batl, in his displeasure; and the people answered, "We know no better way."

Then Doak-a-batl said, "I will show you a better way." So he built them lodges of saplings and of cedar bark, and they were good.

"Tell us other things good," the people cried.

"You take salmon and other fish," he said, "with your hands. I will show you otherwise." Then he cut willow withes and wove snares in the river, and the fish entered and could not get away.

"That is good," said the people, again.

Other things he taught them — how to burn out a cedar log and make a canoe, and how to cut and shape the paddle. Then he went to the place of the river by the great water, but he fell in the mud and was angry. He caused the water to overflow the

(160) "He saw a medicine man dancing."

land, and there was made the place of the marsh, because of his anger. But he was sorry for his anger, and in the marshland he made reeds to grow, and of these he taught the women to weave mats.

Then Doak-a-batl went to the forest, and there he heard a strange noise. It was of some one singing "Ki-ki-ki-ki!" over and over again, and he saw a medicine man dancing. The dance was so silly and the noise so bad that Doak-a-batl was angry.

"You please me ill," he said to the medicine man. "You do not know how to make medicine. You belong not to the Midwinnie. Be now a blue jay. All men shall know you by your 'Ki-ki!'"

And by magic the foolish one's tuft of hair became a crest of feathers, and his painted body became feathered, and his arms were wings; and lo! he was Klakke-kula-kula,[1] and men call him Ki-ki.

Then Doak-a-batl turned his back upon his magic work. As he strode to the forest he stepped three times on a flat rock, and there left his tracks. The people still point to them there and say:

"Doak-a-batl visited us. Behold his tracks!" And from his branch in the old pine tree Klakke-kula-kula screams:

"Ki-ki! Ki-ki!"

[1] The blue jay.

THE WICKED MOTHER-IN-LAW

AN OJIBWAY LEGEND

THERE was once an Ojibway who loved his wife very much. He was a great hunter, and when he came home he always brought to her the choicest bits of whatever game he had found. If he killed a moose, he brought her the lips; if it was a bear, the kidney; and she cooked the tidbits hard and crunched them with her teeth.

His mother did not at all like this. She thought her son should give her all the luxuries, and was jealous of her daughter-in-law. She thought and thought over this until it seemed to her that she was being very badly treated. So she felt wickedly toward her son's wife and wanted to kill her. But she could not think of a way. Her son's wife was a sweet woman and kind. She always stayed at home and took care of her baby son and of an orphan boy who lived in their lodge.

The more the mother-in-law thought, the more she felt that she must kill her son's wife. At last she thought of a plan. She went out one day to

the shore of the lake, and came home with a smiling face. This she did for several days, and at last the son's wife said:

"What is it that makes you smile?" For her mother-in-law was usually so cross that she wondered what could have made her pleasant.

"Oh! I have such a fine swing by the lake," said the old woman. "I go there and swing, and it makes me feel so well. You should see it."

"I should like to very much," said the young woman, "for I do not feel very well."

"Perhaps to-morrow I will show you," said the old woman, but on the morrow she put her off, and again the next day, until at last the daughter-in-law was most anxious to see the swing.

At last one day the old woman said to her, "Leave the baby with Orphan Boy, and I will take you to see my swing."

So the mother fed her baby and strapped him on his *tickenagun*[1] and said to Orphan Boy, "Take care of baby till I come back."

"I will, but do not stay long, for he will cry," he answered.

The old woman took her daughter-in-law to the shore of the lake, and showed her the swing she had

[1] Cradle board.

made where a sapling swung far out over the water. The old woman threw off her robe and tied a buckskin thong around her waist. This she tied to the sapling, and sprang into the air. She swung far, far out over the water, and laughed and laughed.

"Is not this a wonderful swing? You do not know how it feels to swing far out over the water this way," she said.

"Let me swing," said the daughter-in-law.

"Take off your robe, and I will tie the thong for you," said the old woman. So her daughter-in-law did as she was told, and her mother-in-law tied the thong.

"Swing!" she said.

And she swung far out over the water. When she was swinging fast, the wicked old woman cut the thong, and the daughter-in-law fell into the lake.

Then the old woman dressed herself in the young woman's clothes and went to the lodge. She took the baby and tried to feed it, but the child would not take its food, and cried.

"Where is the mother?" asked Orphan Boy when night came.

"She is still at the swing. Go to bed!" said the old woman.

When her son came home, he thought she was

his wife and gave her the tender bits of game, which she cooked and ate greedily.

"Why does the boy cry?" asked the father.

"I do not know," said his mother. "He will not eat." She tried to talk like her daughter-in-law, and kept her face bent over the child.

Orphan Boy loved the baby's mother much. She had been kind and had taken him home when his mother died, and had begged her husband to keep him. He thought it very strange that she did not come back, so he crept out of the lodge in the night and went to hunt for her. She was not at the swing, and he saw that the thong was cut, not broken.

"The wicked old woman did that, I am sure," he said. "I shall tell her son." He crept quietly into the lodge again and waited until morning, for he was a wise boy, and knew not to talk until a good time. And the child cried all the night.

In the morning the old woman went out to draw water before her son was up, and Orphan Boy went to the chief's couch and whispered to him.

"We shall see," said the chief. "Say nothing."

Orphan Boy obeyed and sang with the child to keep it quiet, for it cried. He sang the cradle song the mother sang.

Then the chief arose. He ate nothing. He said nothing to his mother, but he took Orphan Boy and went to hunt. When they were away from the lodge, the chief said:

"I fear my wife is drowned. Return to the lodge, and when the smile of Great Manitou sinks in the sky, bring my son and play with him on the shore of the lake. I shall paint my face black, I shall fast, and place my spear upside down in the earth, that Great Manitou may send rain, lightning, and thunder to bring the body of my wife from the water."

Orphan Boy brought the boy and played with him, and the chief did all as he had said. It was summer time, and the fireflies were flitting about. Orphan Boy set the baby's board down beneath a tree and sang to the light spirits:

"Wan wan tay see!
E mow e shin
Tshe bwan ne baun-e-wee!"

He danced about and caught the light spirits, and the baby laughed in glee. Then he grew hungry and cried. He cried aloud, and then the body of the wife arose from the water, for she heard the voice of her child. She came flying across the lake

(167) "He fasted much and made prayer to Great Manitou."

in the form of a great white gull, and when she reached the shore, she became a woman. And the child reached out his arms to her and laughed. So she took him to her breast, and he was content.

"Bring him here to me, Orphan Boy," she said, "whenever he cries, and I will comfort him."

Then Orphan Boy said to her: "O good and kind, why do you not return to us? For the lodge is cold and dark without your face. Your husband mourns, your child weeps, I am desolate!"

"Alas!" said the mother, "I may not return. When I fell into the water, I was taken by a water manitou. He has scales of silver and gold and a tail of silver. See, he has wound the end of his tail about my waist;" and she showed him about her a girdle of shining silver, the end of which reached into the lake. "Only at the voice of my child I wept such terrible tears that he allowed me to come and comfort him. Now I must return, but to-morrow bring hither my boy, and I will come again."

"I will bring him every day," said Orphan Boy; and again she became a bird and flew away.

Orphan Boy told all this to the chief, and he was glad.

"To-morrow I shall go with you to the lake," he

said. And he fasted much and made prayer to Great Manitou.

The next day Orphan Boy carried the boy to the lake, and the chief hid himself in some bushes. The baby cried, and at once there came sailing over the lake, like a boat with snowy sails, the great white bird. Behind it dragged the silver chain, and as it reached the shore, lo! it became a woman, and the child laughed and knew its mother. Then the chief came from his hiding place, and in his hand was his spear. He smote the silvery chain so that it broke in two, and she was free!

Then he drew his wife to his arm, and covered her and the child with his robe, and they returned to his lodge.

The old woman sat by the lodge fire as they came in. Her face was gray, for evil gnawed at her heart. And when she saw her daughter-in-law, she was afraid. She turned away, but her foot slipped, and she fell into the fire. The flames leaped up and reached even to the lodge pole. Then they died down, and from the smoke arose a great, black bird, and it flew out of the smoke hole and was never seen again. But the chief and his wife, and their child and Orphan Boy, lived happily thereafter without the wicked mother-in-law.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HAI QUAI

THE pines were blue and dark against the sunset, for it was twilight. The sun had dipped into the waters, and the ripples of the current were golden. The great mountain rose cold and white until it touched the sky. There it was red as blood.

Beneath the shadow of the "One that Feeds"[1] dwelt a great hunter. He shot much game in the pine woods. He fished in the rivers and in the lake of the mountain where Takoma, the white one, stands upside down in the water.

He loved to hunt and fish, but more than all he loved *hai quai.*[2] He had much, but wanted always more. He talked of this to his *tahmahnawis,*[3] but the great chief told him nothing. Sah-hale Tahmahnawis would not tell him the magic of gaining *hai quai.* He knew that when men love *hai quai* too much, the evil spirit laughs and is glad, and in that man's heart he dwells.

The old man thought of nothing but *hai quai.* The more he thought, the more the love of the

[1] Indian name for Mt. Tacoma. [2] Shell money. [3] Guardian spirit.

glittering shells grew in his heart. He would do anything to gain them. He even took the lip jewels of hungry women and gave them scraps of meat in payment; and every one knows that to take a woman's ornaments a man must be mean.

Now the *tahmahnawis* of the old man whispered to him one day, and he was the great elk, Moos-Moos. What he whispered was magic, and his words were good.

"You want *hai quai*," he said. "Listen, and I will tell you where you may find it, more than any man has in all the lodges." And the old man listened.

"Go out to hunt," said Moos-Moos. "Seek the very top of the great mountain. There you will find *hai quai* to spare. Go to the snow peak; on the top you will see a valley in the depths of the mountain. There all will be snow save at one place, where you will find a lake of black, black water. On the shores of this lake are three rocks. One is like a salmon, one like a root, and one like your *tahmahnawis*, an elk. Take with you a pick and dig beneath the elk's head. Then will you be so rich that all men will call you 'Tyas Hyee.'"[1]

[1] Great chief.

Then the old man rejoiced greatly. "I go on a long hunt," he said to his wife, and he started for the mountain.

The snows were deep and cold, and darkness overtook him e'er he reached the top. He rolled himself in his blanket and slept, and in his dreams he saw strings and strings of *hai quai*, and they hung about his neck. As they hung, they grew tighter and tighter until they choked him, and he died. Then he awoke in terror, and it was only a dream.

He started before the sun upon his long climb; and before the mountain snows were turned to rose he reached the top. The great mountain was his.

It was just as Moos-Moos had said, and he took his elk-horn pick and dug beside the rock which was like his *tahmahnawis*. As he dug, otters came from their haunts in the dark water, and he counted twelve of them that watched him without fear. All day he worked, until at last, as the sun was setting over the great mountain, he found many strings of *hai quai*. There were so many he could hardly carry them, and he filled both hands with the glittering things, and put them over his neck and started for his lodge. In this he did evil, for he placed not one upon the rock of the salmon, or the

(173) "The great mountain rose cold and white until it touched the sky."

rock of the *kamas* root, or of Moos-Moos, the elk. Therefore all three were angry that he had not done them honor.

So they spoke to their friends, the otters, and the otters called to Tootah, the thunder, and said, "Make thunder;" and Tootah made great thunder, and thunderbird flew hither and yon. The north wind blew, and Colesnas[1] swirled fiercely, and there was a terrible storm upon the old man. Still he held to his *hai quai* and struggled onward.

Then there came more snow and wind and the noise of a thousand thunders. Kakehete, the demon, screamed at the old man, and all the smaller demons screamed, "*Hai quai! hai quai!*" and at this the old man feared.

He dropped one string of *hai quai* for the Great Tahmahnawis, but it was too small. It angered the good Sah-ha-le that the man was so mean and of so little heart. So the storm grew worse and worse, and the Wind whistled and shrieked, and the thunderbird screamed, and strange noises came from the mountain, and each and every thing seemed to the old man to say, "*Hai quai! hai quai!*"

One by one he threw away his strings of shells,

[1] Snow.

and he grew poor in mind, and at last every string was gone. Then the Wind blew so angrily and fiercely that he could no longer walk, and he stumbled and fell. He lay there until kind Sleep came and bore him to his country.

At last he awoke, and it seemed to him that he was in the land of Stikeen.[1] All seemed strange to him. Yet, as he thought, he found himself upon the side of the mountain beneath a great fir tree. It was the same beneath which he had lain down the night before. He was hungry, and the roots which he dug tasted very good. He felt old and stiff and his hair was white as Takoma's snows. He felt not at all like the same man.

He did not think of *hai quai.* He sat and smoked, and all the world seemed full of calm. And the great white mountain smiled upon him. He took his way down the mountain side and soon he saw a lodge, and before it sat a squaw. She was old and her hair was white. And as he would have passed by she called to him in a glad voice, and lo! it was his own wife and his own lodge.

"Many, many moons have you been gone from me," she said. "My hair is like the snow upon the top of the great mountain. Your locks are white

[1] The spirit world.

as mine. I have traded much and have much *hai quai*. I will give it all to you."

"Give me a seat by the lodge fire and a welcome. That is all I want. The world is white. I care not for *hai quai* nor *alkicheek*,[1] only for peace."

Then was the old squaw much surprised. But she said nothing, for she was a woman very old and very wise.

Thereafter the old man sat at the lodge door and smoked and thought. To all that came his way he gave a gift. Sometimes it was *hai quai*, sometimes but "*Kla how ya*,"[2] or "*Klook wah*,"[3] but always it was something. Young men came to him to learn how best to trap game or catch salmon, and old men asked him how to talk with Tahmahnawis, and always his answer was *skokum*.[4]

Then he was much beloved, for the heart which had once held nothing but hard, glittering shells was warm, filled with the wisdom he had learned from Takoma, the "One who Feeds"; and when he passed to Stikeen, all the people of his tribe mourned.

[1] A form of shell money.
[2] Farewell.
[3] How do you do?
[4] Good.

THE TOTEM OF THE SON OF YELTH

Ki-ki, the jay bird, was *tahmahnawis* for many, and this is the story of how he became so for S'doaks.

S'doaks was the son of Yelth, the raven. Yelth wished his son to be headman of the tribe, and for that he must learn to be a medicine man. Yet his heart was heavy, for if his son learned wisdom, he must leave the lodge of his father and seek the lodge of Itswoot, the bear. There he would learn many things; for Itswoot would train him in the ways of the Midwinnie clan, and he would be a great medicine man.

S'doaks went to the lodge of Itswoot and he dwelt there many moons. Then it came time for him to get his totem, and this Itswoot taught him.

"You are no more a boy," he said. "Your years count fifteen summers. You must have the totem of a man. But listen well, for you must do as I say in all things. Go hence and seek the sweat lodge. Eat not, drink not, from sun to sun. When darkness comes, leave there your robe, your arrows, and

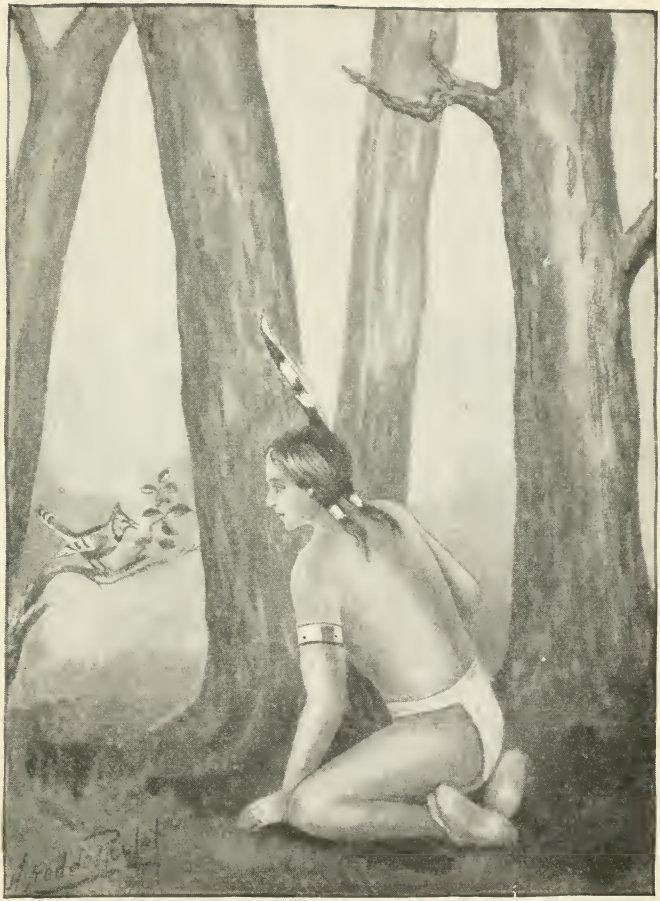
your tomahawk. Keep only your deerskin belt of medicine charms, and go to the pine woods. There you must stay until your *tahmahnawis* comes.

"You must neither eat nor drink, but wait till from the forest something comes to you. Then you must go to it, and it will give you food. Through life it will talk with you and be your protection. But you must never kill it, for ill fortune will follow if you are not kind to your *tahmahnawis*.

"You must get some portion of your totem for a charm; but you must not harm him in order to take the charm. No one must see you for one moon, for you must remain in the forest and learn wisdom of your *tahmahnawis*. After one moon you may return to the lodges of men."

Then S'doaks made answer: "I have listened and heard. I will obey." So he did as Itswoot had commanded, and he was alone in the forest many days. And he was lonely. Then he heard a strange sound, and saw Ki-ki, the blue jay, sitting upon a branch near by him. The blue jay talked to S'doaks, and said:

"My *tahmahnawis* has sent me. Follow me, and you shall eat." And S'doaks followed Ki-ki, and to him he said:



(179) "He heard a strange sound."

"How shall I get a charm from you and not harm you?"

"Wait, and you shall see," said the blue jay. And he waited, for he had learned that one sees more when one does not talk. And as he waited, Ki-ki flew away, and in a moment S'doaks saw a mink dragging a dead blue jay after him. When the mink saw S'doaks, he dropped the dead bird and fled away in fright.

Then S'doaks took from the dead bird his eyes for a charm to open his own eyes that he might see. He took two wing feathers that he might be swift. The heart of the bird he took to make him kind, for the blue jay has ever been the friend of men. The tongue he chose for a charm that he might talk to all wild things. The brain he took that he might become wise. He placed the charms within his medicine belt, and then Ki-ki returned to him.

"*Klook-wah*,"[1] he said. "Talk to me whenever you need me. *Klook-wah!*" Then he flew away, and S'doaks remained quiet in the forest for one moon. And he talked much with his *tahmahnawis* and learned much wisdom, and his *tahmahnawis* was Ki-ki, the blue jay.

[1] Farewell.

THE CHIEF OF THE HEALING WATERS

A MOHAWK LEGEND

THE spirit of Nekumonta was sad within him. His heart was heavy; his step was slow. Two moons had risen since he had left his lodge, and his trail in the forest was broad. The Moon of the Great Whiteness had been upon him, and in it the Plague Spirit had visited the people. Children, brothers, sisters, — all the loved of Nekumonta had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds, all save Shanewis, his beloved, the light of his wigwam. She had seen her children die before her, her sisters, and her brothers. The medicine men had danced for them; they had used all their herbs, and in vain. Then Shanewis said:

"My lord, the plague has come upon me. I have felt the breath of the Plague Spirit, and I am his. I go to join my brothers in the Happy Hunting Grounds, for there I hear them singing and laughing. I must leave my Nekumonta lonely in the wigwam."

"Do not leave me, O Shanewis!" he cried in grief. Then, bravely, "You shall not leave me. See! The Moon of the Great Whiteness is past. It is now the Moon of the South Wind. Cold and darkness flee from the valley. Shanewis shall not go. She must fight with the Plague Spirit. Somewhere grows healing herbs of the Great Manitou. Nekumonta goes to find them. Shanewis shall not die." Then he laid her upon her couch of skins and covered her with warm furs. She smiled upon him faintly, and he was gone.

Nekumonta hastened to the forest. He ran swiftly where grew the healing herbs, but the snows of the Moon of the Great Whiteness still lay upon the earth, and he found them not. He turned over rocks; he dug beside fallen trees; he climbed to the hilltops. Half-frozen streams he swam, hurrying into the deepest gloom of the forest. But nowhere found he the healing herbs.

"Bear Brother," he called at the door of the great bear's cave, "tell me where are the healing vines, that Shanewis may live." But the bear answered not.

Rabbits ran across his path, but he drew not his bow, though he hungered sore.

"Little Brothers of the Forest," he cried, "tell me

where are the healing vines." But the rabbits ran more swiftly, for they knew that the vines were still beneath the snow.

Of the squirrels he asked the same question and of the lynx and the panther, but these only raised their voices and howled. And he found not the healing vines. But the bear and the rabbit and all his animal brothers sorrowed for him, because he was a brave chief and had never killed save for food and because he must. So they sent their voices up to Great Manitou, and the Great Spirit heard.

All day for three suns had Nekumonta sought through the forest. For two nights had he crawled along the trail, hoping that he might scent what he could not see. But he had failed. And on the third night as the moon rose, silvery and beautiful above the pines, he stumbled and fell, and sleep touched his eyelids, for he was sore weary. And as he slept, all the trees of the wildwood, all the ripples of the river, all the beasts of the forest, whispered to Great Manitou:

"Great Spirit, save Shanewis, for the sake of Nekumonta, the Brave One."

Then the heart of Great Manitou was touched, and he sent his Dream Spirit to Nekumonta as he lay exhausted beneath the pine. And the Dream

Spirit whispered to him. And he saw Shanewis upon her pile of furs, and she was weak and faint from fighting with the Plague Spirit. And she called faintly to him: "Nekumonta! Nekumonta!" Then she sang, and her song was as the rippling of many waters, and then the vision faded from his sight, and her voice became the voice of the waterfall, and it said:

"Nekumonta, Brave One, find us. We are the Healing Waters of the Great Manitou. Find us, and Shanewis goes not to the Happy Hunting Grounds. O Nekumonta, find us!"

Nekumonta awoke, and it was day. He sprang to his feet, for in his ears was the sound of the waters, and in his heart was hope. He gazed into the forest, and he saw nothing, but still he heard the song of the waters:

"Find us! Free us from our prison, O Nekumonta, and Shanewis shall live!"

"It is the voice of Great Manitou," he cried, and put his ear to the ground. Then he sprang to his feet and gave a mighty cry. "Shanewis! Shanewis!" rang through the forest. For the voice of the waters came from the very ground at his feet.

Then he tore branches from the trees and flints from the river bed, and he dug into the hard earth.

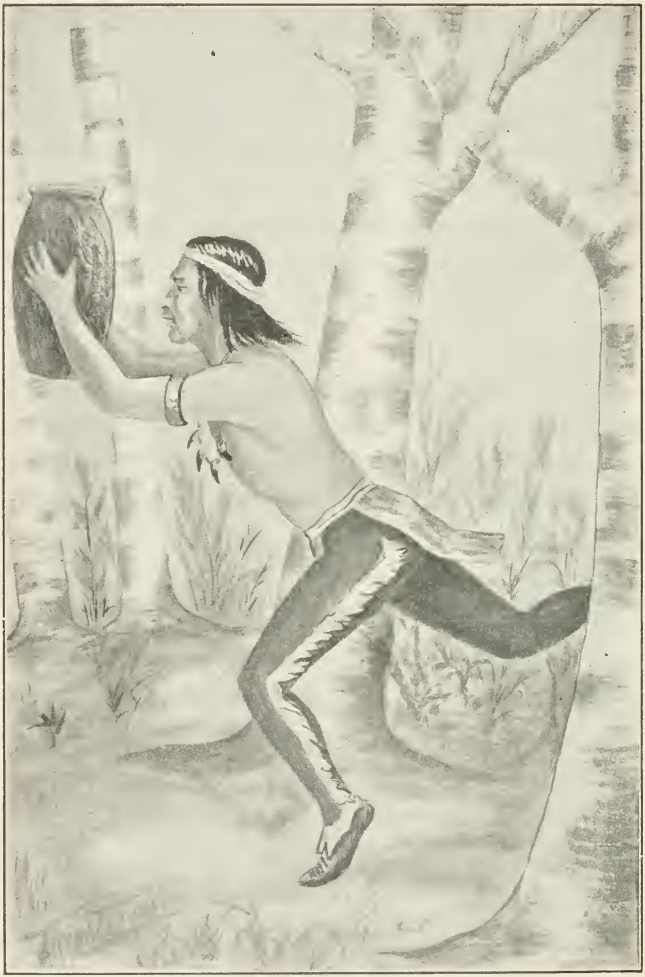
With even his hands he tore the earth that the waters might be free. He worked until his hands were cut and torn and bleeding, and his strong back was sore, but he stopped not, for all the time the voice of the waters grew louder in his ears, and the song in his heart was over and over again: "Shanewis! Shanewis!"

And the face of Great Manitou smiled in the heavens.

Then Nekumonta sprang to his feet with another mighty shout of triumph, and all the pine trees sang and the animals called to each other in glee, and the soft song of the waters grew to be a song of triumph, for lo! they burst their bonds and rose in the channel which Nekumonta had made, and bubbling and gurgling and singing of healing and joy and happiness, they flowed down the valley in a silvery stream. And the smiling face of Great Manitou, high in the blue, shone upon them and turned them to gold. Nekumonta rose up and cried aloud, his hand raised to the sky:

"Great Manitou, Nekumonta thanks you! You have done good to your children!"

He bathed his wounded hands in the water, and was well. Then he ran into the forest, and his steps were so light it seemed as if he had



(186) "Quickly he sped through the forest."

wings. He ran to the clay cliffs where his tribe came to mold their pots for the corn and venison. Quickly he shaped a jar and made fire upon the firestone, baking his jar, so that within it he might bear the water home to his beloved. And when the last smiles of Great Manitou died in the west, he took the jar from the fire, and it was whole. And again his shout of triumph rang through the forest.

Quickly he filled the jar with the healing waters; more quickly he sped through the forest. Soft winds and kind blew about his forehead and gave him hope. Birds of the southland fluttered around him, twittering of summer days and summer suns when the Plague Spirit was no more. And ever his heart sang its old cry, "Shanewis, my Shanewis!"

Then he saw the village through the trees, and he cried aloud.

The young men rushed forth to meet him, and of them he inquired:

"Is the Plague Spirit still here?" And they answered sadly, "He is here."

"Fly to the forest," he cried. "Bring of the water beside the great pine. For it is healing water, the gift of Great Manitou." Then they ran to the forest, and Nekumonta flew to Shanewis.

Weak and faint she lay upon her couch, so weak that she could scarcely open her glazed eyes to smile upon him.

"Farewell, my beloved," she said faintly. "My spirit did but wait to bid you farewell ere it flew to the Happy Hunting Grounds." But Nekumonta caught her to him and poured down her throat a draught of the healing water. Her fevered limbs he bathed with the cooling liquid, and he laid her upon fresh skins and covered her gently with a robe. And she slept.

Thus did he lure her spirit from the Happy Hunting Grounds, and she awoke, and the Plague Spirit was gone, and she was well. And she smiled upon him, and joy was in his heart.

And all his tribe blessed him because the Plague Spirit came no more to them, and they called him no more Nekumonta, but always "The Chief of the Healing Waters."

THE MOON MAIDEN

A THLINKET TALE

It was in the very long ago. Squiance, the Thlinket child, was fair as a summer night, a summer night when the stars shine soft in the sky.

Squiance's eyes were so dark and shining they looked like stars; her hair was black as the night; her voice was soft as the wind whispering through the pines. She was so beautiful that all people looked at her and praised her. And this is bad for a Thlinket child. So she was not good.

One day when the sun was shining in the sky and turning all the earth to beauty with his smiles, Squiance went to the stream to bring water for her mother.

"Hasten and tarry not," the mother said, "lest ill befall you."

"I can care for myself," said Squiance, saucily. And she did not hasten. Instead, she sat beside the stream and played. She made for herself a wreath of grasses and a necklace of pine cones.

(190) "She played until Moon rose in the sky."

She played until Moon rose in the sky and turned all the water to silver.

Squiance danced beside the silvery stream. She saw the face of Moon in the water, and she thought that it frowned upon her.

"Don't frown upon me, O Moon," she said, and she put forth her tongue, which is an evil thing for a Thlinket child to do. For Moon is very old, older than the tallest totem of the great chief, and a Thlinket child should show respect for age.

Moon was very angry, and could not endure so rude a thing from any girl child. Down he came from the sky and caught up Squiance. The girl child caught at the river grass to save herself, and she shrieked and wailed, "My mother, O my mother!"

Her mother ran and all the people, but they could not save her. They saw her borne aloft into the sky, and in her hand was her water bucket and the grasses she had pulled.

The mother wept and cried, but Squiance never came back. She is there with Moon still, and there you may see her with her water bucket and her grasses.

When Moon is new and tips to one side, and the water spills from the end and it is the Month of

Rains, the Thlinket children say, "See, the bad Moon Maiden is tipping over her water bucket."

And their mothers say to them: "See what comes to children who disobey their mothers! And beware that you never, never are rude to the old, or you will come to a bad end, as did Squiance, the Moon Maiden."

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